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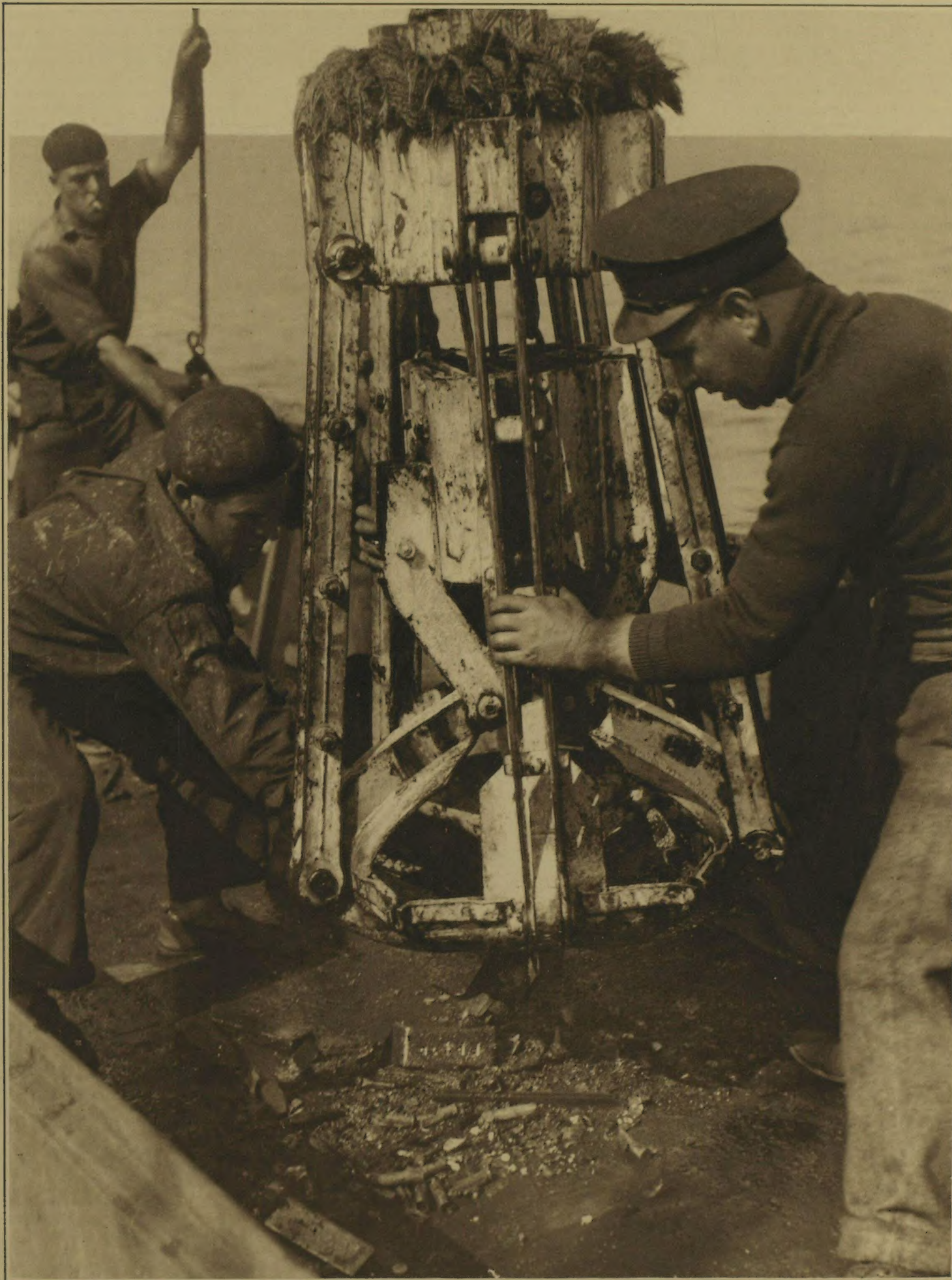
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1932.



**A "GRAB"-FUL OF GOLD FROM THE "EGYPT'S" BULLION ROOM: THE FIRST HAUL OF INGOTS, SALVED FROM THE SUNKEN LINER, BEING DEPOSITED ON THE DECK OF THE "ARTIGLIO."**

The "Artiglio" brought into Plymouth, on June 26, her first cargo of bullion recovered from the liner "Egypt," sunk by collision in 400 ft. of water off Ushant in 1922. After three years' work, the first batch of gold was hauled aboard the "Artiglio" on June 22.

This photograph shows the grab which, directed by divers in steel shells, is lowered to the wreck and seizes objects from the bullion room. It is here seen being cleared of its haul. Another illustration on page 2 shows it in an outer case used to prevent loss of the contents.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE debate about legalising Sweepstakes dies slowly away, like the galloping echoes of the Derby; and even where it continues, it is rather typical of the time and country that it is more concerned with law than with logic. It is clear that in practice the nation has largely abandoned the Puritan sentiment that was behind some of its older laws; but it has been rather a change of sentiment than a change of statement. Few people really remember what was the actual ethical theory that gave to all betting the bad name of gambling. But fewer still, I fancy, could state their own new ethical theory in favour of betting, or distinguish it from the gambling that is really bad. Even when we were Puritans we were not really precisians. In other words, England, even when it was strict in discipline, was not really strict in doctrine. Certainly, at least, it was not really strict in definition. Consequently, I do not really know what the moral theory of the anti-betting men was; and I do not believe they knew themselves. My own morality, which is not my own, but that of the ancient moral culture of Christendom, is of course simple enough. I have a right to bet what I have a right to lose. If I choose to sit on the wild seashore and occupy my whole holiday in throwing stones into the sea, I am also entitled, if I choose, to vary the monotony by throwing into the sea the large moonstone tie-pin which is the ornament of my neckties and the admiration of my neighbours, or to hurl into the same seawaves the heavy cairngorm brooch bequeathed by my Aunt Jemima; always supposing I can do the latter without unjustly lacerating Aunt Jemima's feelings, here or in heaven. I have as much right to throw the more expensive stones into the sea as to throw the cheaper ones; so long as it is only at my own expense and not something beyond my lawful expenditure; which would probably turn out to be at somebody else's expense. So far as that goes, I am perfectly justified in throwing away my celebrated tie-pin or my aunt's brooch for the mere momentary pleasure of one sublime gesture; for the satisfaction of feeling like Polycrates or the great Doge of Venice wedding the sea. It is a mere luxury to chuck them, as it is a mere luxury to cherish them; I only keep them for a lark, and I only lose them for a lark. If a man is justified in throwing a pearl like a pebble into the sea at Margate, knowing it will not return, he is justified in throwing it on the table at Monte Carlo or putting it on a horse at Ascot; with a chance that it may return. But he is not justified, for instance, in throwing the baby into the sea, though many at Margate have felt tempted to do so. Nor is he justified in risking the baby's milk or the money for the baby's clothes at Ascot or Monte Carlo; and nobody will deny that many have done this, and that much evil has come of it. But

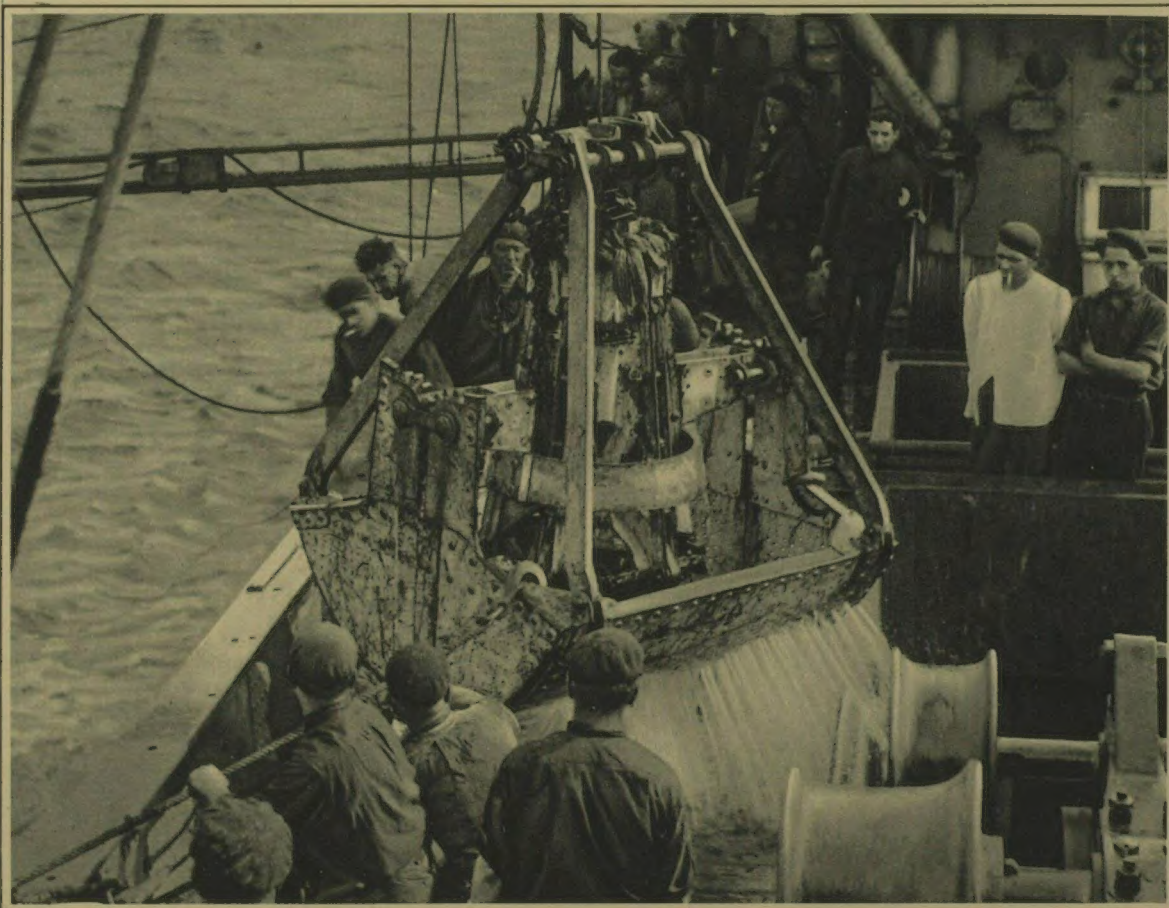
the principle is at least clear, and presents no problem to those who hold it.

I have sometimes thought that the philosophy of betting bears some resemblance to something else, which may be called the philosophy of guessing. There is in the literary or intellectual world an operation which is somewhat similar to that of honest betting in the sporting world. It occurs especially in the case of English literature; because in England it so often happens that the author is the amateur. It often happens, also, that the amateur can give valuable hints to the professional. But those hints ought always to be given in a certain light and sporting spirit, not unlike the guesses of the better sort of gambler. The outsider ought not to give the whole weight of his word or reputation to suggestions he

it into a sketch, which was no more than a skit, I found myself discovering much more than I had known before of the real truth about the Elizabethan and Jacobean epoch. In the same way, many a man has really put hard cash in his pocket at Newmarket or the Grand National from a bet that he made merely as a joke; and my contention is that he deserved his luck, so long as he really made it as a joke. In the case of history and similar sciences, it might be possible to draw up a rich and flattering analogy to the Turf. The dons of Oxford and Cambridge, the professors and professional historians, who are often, indeed, bookmakers, may be compared to bookies. The dream or fancy thrown out by the mere literary amateur may be compared to the dark horse in the very loose box of his light and irresponsible brain. But the dark horse always gives him a good run for his money. And it is justified, so long as it does not run away with the whole of his money; that is, with the whole of his serious reputation and peace of mind. I think there ought to be a special class of spirited and fanciful guesses; potshots at the possibilities of history; suggestions that should only suggest, but might be really suggestive. They would form a third type of literature, between the solemn stolidity of the academics and the solemn lunacy of the cranks.

For instance, I once had a notion of writing an essay, making a suggestion about King Arthur. Now I am not in the least qualified to maintain an entirely serious and solid thesis about King Arthur. A man would really have to be an exceptional scholar and specialist, in about five different departments, before he could deal in that fashion with King Arthur. He would have to know all about Celtic legend and literature, Welsh and Cornish and all the rest; he would have to have a thorough grasp of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, its military maps and methods; he would have to be steeped in French chivalry and romance to separate the mediæval from the older elements; he would have to understand the real Christian and

Catholic origins, and date and distinguish between the Glaston Thorn and the Grail; he would have to be a nailer at strategy and a whale at place-names. I am none of these things, and yet I had quite a nice little notion about King Arthur. It would afford a pleasant evening's amusement for a party of dons, pulling it to pieces. And, for all I know, something might come out of it; even out of its refutation. I will not describe the theory here beyond saying that it began with the curious fact that the first three or four chroniclers who mention King Arthur do not even call him King Arthur. But I will reserve it for some dull and rainy afternoon, in some quiet isolated country house, where there are dons who want something to play with.



THE GRAB WITH GOLD FROM THE "EGYPT" (ENCLOSED WITHIN A STEEL "SHELL" TO PREVENT THE CONTENTS BEING LOST) HOISTED ON BOARD THE SALVAGE-SHIP "ARTIGLIO": PART OF THE £180,000 OF BULLION SO FAR RECOVERED, OUT OF THE £1,000,000 IN THE SUNKEN LINER.

The officers, crew, and divers of the Italian salvage-ship "Artiglio" had a great reception at Plymouth when (as noted on our front page) she arrived there on June 26 with bullion worth £180,000 recovered from the "Egypt." Amid the rejoicings the Customs officials were compelled to "arrest" the "Artiglio" under a warrant obtained by a French fisheries company claiming a share in the bullion as having taken part in one of several attempts to locate the "Egypt." On June 27, it was announced that the gold on board the "Artiglio" had been released by order of the Admiralty Marshal. The salvage scheme was first suggested, in 1922, by Mr. C. Peter Sandberg to Sir Percy Mackinnon (now Chairman of Lloyd's), who introduced him to Sir Joseph Lowrey, Director and Secretary of the Salvage Association. In 1923, the Association contracted for the work with Mr. Sandberg and Mr. J. Swinburne, F.R.S. These two British contractors sub-contracted with various foreign salvage firms, until finally, in 1928, the task was entrusted to the Italian Sorima Co., now achieving success after three years of persistent struggle against dangers and difficulties. Their original salvage-ship, the first "Artiglio," was sunk off Quiberon in December 1930, with loss of life, by an explosion of munitions in another wreck. In the above photograph the grab by which objects are seized from the bullion room is shown enclosed in the outer steel "case" that prevents the contents being lost when it is hauled up through the water.

could not substantiate in all their details. If he does, he tends to become the crank or even the quack, the awful and appalling sort of amateur who sits down to prove to you that Mary Queen of Scots wrote Shakespeare or that the name of Lord Kitchener is inscribed in the measurements of the Great Pyramid. But I have often thought there might be a place for intelligent guesswork which admits that it is guesswork. There might even be a place for a fanciful theory, if it was avowedly fanciful. I confess I have suffered many things from the sort of man who has a theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, when he does really believe it. But I had great fun in working out a theory that Shakespeare wrote Bacon, because I did not in the least believe it. In the course of turning



# THE MAKING OF A SAINT: AN AMAZING RED SEA ADVENTURE.

DRAWING BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY OFFICERS OF THE P. AND O. LINER "STRATHAIRD."



A "MAN OVERBOARD" BECOMES A SAINT.—BY "MIRACULOUS" RESCUE FROM A SHARK-RIDDEN SEA: A PILGRIM TO MECCA, LOST FROM ANOTHER SHIP, SAVED BY THE "STRATHAIRD"—(INSET) THE RESCUE-BOAT—HOISTED ABOARD; AND ON ITS WAY.

A thrilling rescue, which might well be termed miraculous, was effected in the waters of the Red Sea by the P. and O. liner "Strathaird" while she was on her maiden voyage to Australia. We have just received photographs of this interesting incident, from which our artist has made the above drawing, aided also by details supplied by officers of the "Strathaird." One day a man was sighted swimming in the shark-ridden sea, whereupon a boat was lowered, under the command of the Fourth Officer, and the swimmer, described as "a huge fellow," was picked up uninjured. In the upper inset photograph

he can be seen lying naked, face downwards, in the bow of the boat as he was hoisted back aboard the liner. He proved to be a Siamese pilgrim on his way to Mecca, who had fallen overboard from the "Antiochus," bound for the port of Mecca, and he had been in the water some hours when rescued. Among local Arabs the incident was regarded as a pilgrimage miracle, and the man was hailed as a saint. A picturesque version of his adventure became widely current. It was told how he was riding on a shark, with other sharks forming an escort; and how his head was crowned by a bird of prey.



## THE SUMMER SPORTS SEASON AT ITS HEIGHT: ENGLAND v. ALL-INDIA, THE GREYHOUND DERBY, SPEEDWAY TEST, OLYMPIA WINNERS.



A MOVING MOMENT AT THE WHITE CITY WHEN THE FINAL OF THE GREYHOUND DERBY WAS RUN: FORMER WINNERS PARADED—1931: SILKIM 1930; 1929 AND 1930: MICK THE MILLER; 1928: ROHER ASH; 1927: ENTRY BADGE. (LEFT TO RIGHT.)



THE FINAL OF THE GREYHOUND DERBY: WILD WOOLLEY, THE WINNER, A MASTER OF TRACK-CRAFT (LEFT); AND FUTURE CUTLET, THE FAVOURITE, WHO WAS BEATEN BY A NECK.



THE SECOND SPEEDWAY TEST MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA, AT WEMBLEY: THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM (AND RESERVES), WHO WON BY 59 POINTS TO 35.



WINNERS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP AT OLYMPIA: THE FRENCH TEAM: (LEFT TO RIGHT) LIEUT. X. BIZARD ON ARCAÇON; COMMANDANT A. DE LAISSARDIÈRE ON WEDNESDAY; AND CAPTAIN NOBILI ON CHERUBIN.



WINNER OF THE HIGH JUMP CHAMPION CUP AT OLYMPIA—WITH A JUMP OF 7 FT.: CAPTAIN J. MISONNE ON FAKIR.

That great event of the dog-racing world, the final of the Greyhound Derby, was contested at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, on June 25, and such was the interest in the event that some 70,000 spectators assembled to witness it. Future Cutlet was the favourite, and an exceedingly strong favourite, but was beaten by a neck by Mr. S. Johnson's Wild Woolley, which showed its usual astonishing track-craft. The time was a record for a Derby final—29.72 seconds. A feature of the evening's proceedings was a parade of former

winners of the Greyhound Derby.—In the second speedway Test Match, Australia beat England at Wembley on June 23 by 59 points to 35. In the first Test Match, which was at Stamford Bridge, England won. There were 57,000 people at Wembley.—There was a rumour that the International Horse Show would not be held next season. This was speedily quashed by the statement that such success had been met that the event would certainly be repeated in 1933—and presumably for years after that. The King



THE KING-EMPEROR HONOURS WITH HIS PRESENCE THE ENGLAND V. ALL-INDIA TEST MATCH AT LORD'S: HIS MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE ENGLAND ELEVEN.

## ENGLAND V. ALL-INDIA: THE TEAMS.

ENGLAND: Sutcliffe (Yorkshire); Holmes (Yorkshire); Woolley (Kent); Hammond (Gloucestershire); D. R. Jardine (Surrey); Paynter (Lancashire); Ames (Kent); R. W. V. Robins (Middlesex); E. R. Brown (Surrey); Voce (Nottinghamshire); Bowes (Yorkshire).—Captain: D. R. Jardine.

ALL-INDIA: J. C. Nair; J. Naomal; C. K. Nayudu; S. Wazir Ali; S. H. M. Golah; Amar Singh; Mahomed Nissar; Jhangir Khan; S. Nazir Ali; P. E. Falia; Lal Singh.—Captain: C. K. Nayudu.

TWELFTH MAN—England: Paine (Warwickshire). All-India—S. R. Godambe.



WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP AT OLYMPIA FOR THE SECOND TIME: LIEUT. J. A. TALBOT-PONSONBY, 7TH HUSSARS, ON HIS FAMOUS JUMPER, CHELSEA.



WINNER OF THE CONNAUGHT GOLD CHALLENGE TROPHY AT OLYMPIA: LIEUT. O. W. WILLIAMS-WYNN ON BLUE DUN.

George V. Gold Cup for jumping by officers of any nation was won by Lieut. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, 7th Hussars, riding Chelsea. Rider and horse won the same event in 1930. The Connaught Gold Challenge Trophy for British officers' jumping was won by Lieut. O. W. Williams-Wynn, Equitation School, Weedon, on Blue Dun. The Prince of Wales's Cup for jumping over the course by teams of three officers of the same nationality was won by France. The team consisted of Lieut. X. Bizard, on Arcachon; Commandant



THE KING-EMPEROR HONOURS WITH HIS PRESENCE THE ENGLAND V. ALL-INDIA TEST MATCH AT LORD'S: HIS MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE ALL-INDIA ELEVEN.



THE HUGE ATTENDANCE AT LORD'S FOR THE TEST MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND ALL-INDIA: A SECTION OF THE SPECTATORS ON THE OPENING DAY, SATURDAY, JUNE 25.

A. de Laissardièrre, on Wednesday; and Captain Nobili, on Cherubin. The High Jump Champion Cup was won by Captain J. Misonne, of Belgium, on Fakir; height: 7 feet.—The Test Match between England and All-India began at Lord's on June 25. On the Monday the King attended and shook hands with the teams, who lined up in front of the pavilion. The result was a win for England by 158 runs. Jardine's captaincy was excellent; and he made top score in both innings—79 and 85 not out.



# PICTORIAL NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK: INTERESTING EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE FAMOUS ITALIAN SALVAGE-SHIP BRINGING TO ENGLAND 150 GOLD BARS RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK OF THE "EGYPT": THE "ARTIGLIO" ARRIVING AT PLYMOUTH.



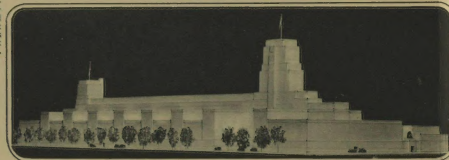
THE TEMPORARY "ARREST" OF THE "ARTIGLIO" (SINCE RELEASED) THROUGH A FRIENDLY COMPANY'S CLAIM: A PLYMOUTH CUSTOMS OFFICIAL TRYING THE WRIT TO THE MARY. As noted on our front page, the "Artiglio" reached Plymouth on June 26 with her first cargo of gold recovered from the "Egypt." It comprised 150 gold bars (leaving 500 still in the wreck) and over 2000 sovereigns. The temporary arrest of the gold is mentioned on "Our Notebook" page. Later, the Plymouth Customs were directed to release the cargo. The gold was taken aboard and sent in a sealed van by the midnight mail train to London.



HONOURING THE MEN OF BRISTOL WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR: FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD UNVEILING THE WAR MEMORIAL CENOTAPH IN THAT CITY. The War Memorial Cenotaph at Bristol, erected on a commanding site in Colston Avenue, in the heart of the city, was unveiled on Sunday, June 26, by Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, before a gathering of about 50,000 people. The service was conducted by the Bishop of Bristol and Malinesbury, with the Dean of Bristol and the Cathedral clergy. Among those attending the ceremony were the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort and representatives of the Merchant Venturers' Society.



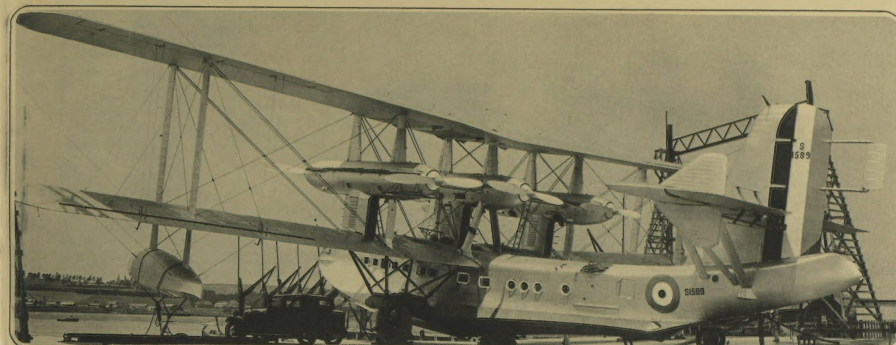
ADMINISTERING THE LAW OF MOSES IN LONDON: A CASE HEARD BEFORE BETH DIN, THE JEWISH HOUSE OF JUDGMENT, IN THE EAST END. We give here one of the first photographs ever taken in the Jewish House of Judgment, known as Beth Din, in Mulberry Street. Here the laws of Moses are administered to London Jews. Our illustration shows (from left to right) the Chief Rabbi, Dr. J. H. Hertz, and three other judges (or Dayans)—A. Feldman, S. I. Hillman, and M. Gollop. The Clerk of the Court, Mr. S. Shuster, is standing beside an applicant.



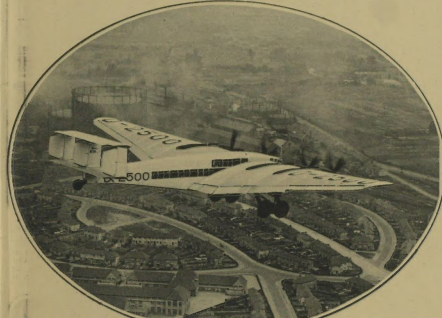
A MODEL OF THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: MR. HOLDEN'S PLAN FOR THE MAIN FEATURES OF THE DESIGN. Mr. Charles Holden's design for the proposed London University buildings on the new Bloomsbury site has been generally approved, and actual building may be expected to begin soon. This model shows the structure as it will be seen from Montague Place, looking northwards along Malet Street. It does not purport to be a complete plan, since many matters, such as lighting and ventilation, will remain for consideration. The new buildings are expected to dominate Bloomsbury.



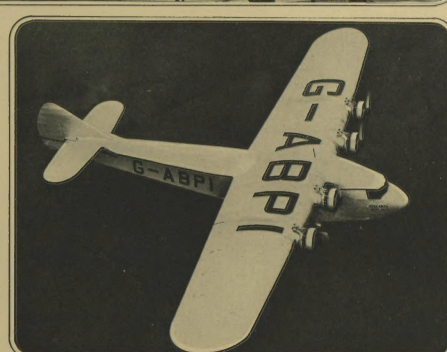
A "WATER-CANNON" MOUNTED ON AN ARMOURD MOTOR-LOBBY, IN ACTION AGAINST BERLIN COMMUNISTS: POLICE PROTECTING WORKMEN DEMOLISHING A BARRICADE. The motor "water-cannon" which the Berlin police have had for some years was first put to serious use on June 22. It was employed to protect workmen engaged in the demolition of "barricades" raised in the course of the previous night by Communists in the working-class district of Berlin known as Moabit. The cannon rapidly disposed the rioters with powerful jets of water. During the previous night, numbers of Communists had attempted to storm a café frequented by Hitlerites. (Continued on right.)



A NEW BRITISH AIR GIANT: THE SHORT PLYING-BOT, SECOND LARGEST IN THE WORLD, WITH A MOTOR-CAR FOR COMPARISON OF SIZE. The enormous machine illustrated here represents the largest flying-boat ever built in Great Britain, and with the exception of "Dixie," the largest in the world. It has been constructed entirely of metal by Messrs. Short Brothers, and weighs thirty-four tons. It has been made to the order of the British Air Ministry, and is intended for long-range bombing and reconnaissance duties. It has six Rolls-Royce "Buzzard" III. M.S. engines.



A HUGE GERMAN THIRTY-PASSENGER MONOPLANE BUILT FOR THE LONDON-BERLIN SERVICE: THE JUNKERS "G-38" ARRIVING AT CROYDON. The biggest Junkers monoplane, the "G-38," illustrated here, is to be put into service for the summer months on the Luft Hansa Line between London and Berlin. It arrived at Croydon on the evening of June 27 and, being too big for any hangar there, was anchored in the open for the night. It carries thirty passengers—a number of whom are accommodated in the wings of the machine. Its four engines develop 850 h.p. each.



A NEW ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH AIR-LINER, BUILT FOR SERVICE ON THE AFRICAN ROUTE: THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS MONOPLANE "ATALANTA." One of the machines on view at the Hendon aeroplane exhibition on June 27 was the high-wing monoplane from the Armstrong-Whitworth works illustrated here. It has been built specially for the African route of Imperial Airways. It is expected to have a top speed of nearly 150 m.p.h., and a cruising speed of about 130.



THE LAST DRUID RITES TO BE HELD AT THE SUMMER SOLSTICE AT STONEHENGE: A PICTURESCAPE CEREMONY. We show here the "Druids of the Universal Bond" celebrating their annual summer solstice service at Stonehenge. On June 26 they went through the ritual of welcoming the sun before five hundred spectators, and later a ceremony rather suggesting the Communion Service. It is stated that the Druids have decided to refrain from obtaining permission from the Office of Works to hold their annual service here, and have decided to erect a new temple in the locality.



A BARRIER RAISED BY BERLIN COMMUNISTS, MORE AS A VANTAGE POINT IN "HIDE AND SEEK" WITH THE POLICE THAN AS A DEFENSIVE WORK: AN OBSTACLE MADE OF TORN UP PAVING-STONES. The aggressors retired before the police, and broke all the street lamps. Under cover of darkness they piled rough barriers across the streets composed of timbers and planks, paving-stones, old mattresses, and dust-bins. These "barricades" were intended rather as vantage points in the game of "hide and seek" with the police than as works to be defended. When the police came down one of the streets with a searchlight mounted on a motor-car, the Communists disappeared. They continued, however, to create disturbances before being finally subdued; for example, they lit a huge bonfire, and tried to set fire to some scaffolding.



THE WARRIORS' CHAPEL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE GLTY BRONZE ALTAR. The Prince of Wales unveiled the Warriors' Chapel, on June 24, close to the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. The altar, the screen, and other gifts were dedicated by the Dean, Dr. Foster Norris, to the memory of the million men and women of the Empire who died in the Great War.



## THE LANCASHIRE COTTON PAGEANT.

3

## REVOLUTION AND DISORDER IN CHILE.



THE FIRST OF THE TWELVE EPISODES OF THE PAGEANT: THE PERSIAN MARKET SCENE, IN WHICH THE ARENA IS TRANSFORMED WITH PALM TREES AND THE CALIPH ENTERS ON HIS SACRED ELEPHANT.



THE EPISODE REPRESENTING THE AGE OF INVENTIONS: A SCENE SYMBOLIC OF THE DEFEAT OF THE HANDLOOM WORKERS BY THE INTRODUCTION OF FLYING SHUTTLE, SPINNING JENNY, WATER FRAME, AND POWER LOOM.



ONE OF THE ELABORATE SPECTACLES AT BELLE VUE STADIUM, MANCHESTER: THE COTTON PLANTATION, IN WHICH EIGHT HUNDRED CHILDREN ARE DRESSED AS COTTON PLANTS, WEARING GREEN CLOTHES AND "POD" HEAD-DRESSES.

The Lancashire Cotton Pageant was opened at Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, on June 25. It is produced under the auspices of the Joint Committee of Cotton Trade Organisations, the Lancashire Industrial Development Council, and the Manchester Development Committee; and it is one of the most elaborate spectacles of the kind ever staged. It will continue till July 9, and, it is hoped, be visited by a great number of people from all over the country. The author, Mr. Matthew Anderson, and the producer, Mr. Edward P. Genn, have linked together with admirable skill twelve episodes which tell the story of cotton in this country. These episodes are varied. They range from symbolic ballets, as in the episode "Lancashire at Work," which portrays the awakening of a busy town to work at spinning and weaving, to realistic representations, as in the historical reconstruction of the "Massacre of Peterloo."



REVOLUTIONS AND DISORDERS IN CHILE: A SKIRMISH IN THE STREETS OF SANTIAGO BETWEEN THE RED AND WHITE GUARDS—WHITE GUARDS RETREATING BEFORE THE FIRING OF THEIR ADVERSARIES.



A REVOLUTIONARY CROWD BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT PALACE AT SANTIAGO ASSEMBLED TO DEMAND THE RESIGNATION OF PRESIDENT MONTERO; WITH A MILITARY AEROPLANE FLYING LOW OVER THE BUILDING.



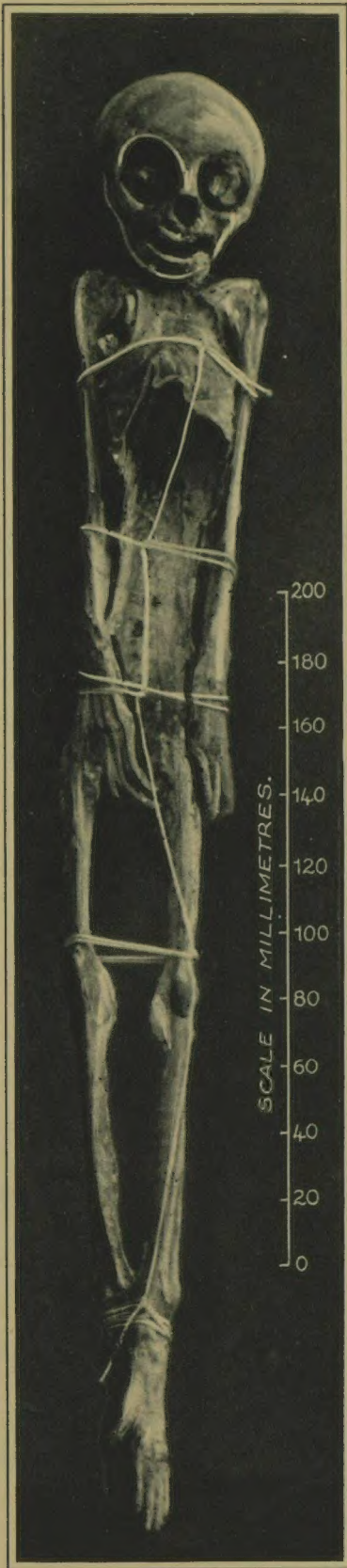
THE SON OF A CORNISH EMIGRANT, ROUND WHOM THE EARLY STAGES OF THE REVOLUTION CENTRED: THE AIRMAN, COLONEL MARMADUKE GROVE (IN UNIFORM, CENTRE); WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SOCIALIST JUNTA.

Following an insurrection in Chile which broke out at the beginning of June, events moved rapidly, but the situation, serious at one time, eventually seemed to be settling down. On June 4 Señor Davila, ex-Chilian Ambassador to the United States, two generals, and a number of Air Force officers, headed by their dismissed chief, Colonel Marmaduke Grove, led an insurrection which marched on Santiago and forced the resignation of President Montero. A Socialist Junta was then formed, with Colonel Grove as Minister for Defence. On June 16 a military and naval counter-revolution began, and a new Junta was set up under the Presidency of Señor Davila, who was a member of the former Junta, but had resigned. Colonel Grove was imprisoned. The new Junta proposed to adopt a new Socialist Constitution. Severe strikes and rioting broke out in Chile, but by June 26 order had been re-established.



## A MYTH! THE "APE-MAN" OF SUMATRA.

### SIR ARTHUR KEITH ON THE TRUE NATURE OF THE "ORANG LETJO."



THE DRIED, SKINLESS BODY PURPORTING TO BE THAT OF A BABY APE-MAN—IN REALITY THAT OF A SUCKLING MONKEY OF THE GENUS REPRESENTED BY THE LANGURS, OR HOLY MONKEYS, OF INDIA. (16½ IN. FROM CROWN TO HEEL.)

Rokan district for the capture of a specimen. A native hunter succeeded in securing an example—a baby; the mother managed to escape. The photographs here reproduced are those which were brought to Holland by air mail, and represent the baby "ape-man" after the removal of the skin from its head and body. The skeleton and flesh have been dried in the sun and the limbs bound together and to the body by a long rattan withy. No scale was supplied with the photograph, but one is here given, based on the statement that from crown to heel the baby measured 16½ inches. Its weight is not stated, but it must have been in the neighbourhood of 18 ozs.; it would take half-a-dozen such sucklings to equal the weight of a new-born human child. Those familiar with the anatomy of apes, monkeys, and men will see, as they make a cursory examination of our illustrations, that the skeleton is that of a suckling monkey of a familiar kind—the kind, or genus, represented by the Langurs, or Holy Monkeys, of India. The Langurs—known as *Semnopithecus* or *Presbytis* by zoologists—have many specific forms and occur in India, Ceylon, further India, and the Malay Archipelago. Indeed, I think the species represented in our photographs can be identified



THE SO-CALLED "APE-MAN" OF SUMATRA MERELY A MONKEY OF A FAMILIAR KIND—THE HOLY MONKEYS OF INDIA—HERE REPRESENTED BY A CAPPED LANGUR AND HER BABY.



THE SKIN OF THE SUCKLING LANGUR THAT HAS BEEN CALLED THE APE-MAN OF SUMATRA PINNED OUT TO DRY—THE CHARACTERISTIC WHITE HAIR OF THE FACE OF *SEMNOPIITHECUS THOMASI* SEEN ABOVE THE GAPING MOUTH.

with some degree of certainty from the skin; it is *Semnopithecus Thomasi*—a Sumatran species named after the late Mr. Oldfield Thomas, of the British Museum. For some reason best known to the hunter, the long tail has been cut away, and the hinder limbs have been straightened out to come into line with the body. The upper central incisors have erupted; the four lower ones are coming through the gum—a state of matters which shows that this suckling monkey was under three months of age. Such, then, is the true nature of the "ape-man" of Sumatra. The "Times" rightly headed the account it published as "A Remarkable Story." Professor Elliot Smith, while admitting that there was "nothing inherently improbable in the possibility that some type of ape with human likenesses may have survived in the forests of Sumatra," thought it well "to take heed of the warning of Marco Polo, who, when he visited Sumatra, heard an almost identical story and found that it related to a small mummified ape which the people pretended was a human being." After six centuries, Sumatra still launches the same myth on a gullible world; but, unfortunately, on the present occasion, there was no Marco Polo at hand to squash it at its source. Readers may wonder why the baby monkey is chosen in preference to an adult to

represent an "ape-man." It is because the infantile stage of all kinds of apes and monkeys is more human in appearance than is the adult stage. On this fact has been based the erroneous theory that apes are degenerate men.—ARTHUR KEITH.



SHOWING THAT THE LONG TAIL HAS BEEN CUT AWAY; A SIDE VIEW OF THE DRIED, SKINLESS BODY PURPORTING TO BE THAT OF A BABY APE-MAN; BUT IN REALITY THAT OF A SUCKLING MONKEY—PROBABLY *SEMNOPIITHECUS THOMASI*.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE GIANT HEMLOCK.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

AMONG other treasures, my tiny garden just now contains some fine specimens of giant hemlock (*Heracleum*), a plant which, unfortunately I think, is all too seldom seen in gardens vastly greater

undertaken, especially in these days when most of us, at any rate, have to complain of a diminished and diminishing income. The hopelessness, however, of any such excursion in the pursuit of knowledge need not make us despair of ever finding an answer to this problem. For we may find at least a clue to the riddle in a stroll through a meadow, or along some country lane, if we set out to examine carefully our various umbelliferous weeds.

It is a matter for regret that we set so little store by our "weeds." The very name is a term of contempt. Some of us call them "wild-flowers." But I think the vast majority of my fellow-men reserve this term for primroses and bluebells, for which they show their appreciation by digging them up by the roots wherever they are to be found. "Whom the gods love they seek to destroy"! Fortunately, the dandelion and the buttercup are deemed unworthy of their attentions. Yet all our wild-flowers are "weeds," just as our garden flowers are the "weeds" of distant lands, but cherished because they are "something different."

And now, as touching our wild umbelliferae. There are many species of these, many more than the ordinary man would believe to be possible. But ask a *pukka* botanist to name one for you,

as I have just done, and he will look at you reproachfully, and tell you to take it home, press it between some sheets of brown paper, and when it is reduced to the condition of hay, to take it back to him again, and he will try and name it for you. But, mind you, he must have it like Tennyson's "Flower in the crannied wall"; he must have it "root and all." But in the end he will tell you "by their fruits ye shall know them." For it would seem that it is by these little seed-pods, after the petals have died down, that the various species are to be identified.

I have found a most exasperating task in trying to do this for myself by the aid of books. But I have not found one single figure that gives a really accurate picture of any of these numerous species. Having my hands more than full just now, I have given up

the task. But some day I propose to return to this theme, and to give some really accurate and carefully selected photographs of some of the commoner species, for the benefit of others who, like myself, desire to know more of the plants in Nature's Garden. But I have got something for my trouble. I have found that only a very few of our umbelliferae have a conspicuous leaf-sheath, and in no case is this ever developed to the extent seen in the giant hemlock—which, by the way, is not a hemlock at all!

You will find this sheath, however, in many of this tribe, and especially well marked in the wild angelica and the cow-parsnip. In the latter it will be noted that the small leaves have no stalk, but are borne upon the leaf-sheath as in the giant hemlock.



1. A FLOWER-HEAD OF THE GIANT HEMLOCK: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING, ON THE RIGHT, THE BURSTING OF A SHEATH ENCLOSING A FLOWER-HEAD, THE STEM RISING UP BETWEEN THE TWO SECTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN SPLIT APART.

than mine. If it were exacting as to conditions of soil or sunlight, I could understand its rarity, but it is not. All that it asks is to be allowed to grow, and this it does with zest, attaining to a height of as much as six feet or more, while its leaves, beautifully proportioned, may measure over three feet across. Mine now form a glorious thicket some forty yards long, topped by huge discs of white flowers. But even where the impressive qualities of this plant are appreciated, esteem seems to go no further than this, which is a matter of surprise to me. I cannot claim authority to speak either as a gardener or a botanist, yet, perhaps on that account, as an outsider, finding delight in the pursuits of both, I see what they see with other eyes. They look upon this or that aspect of a plant as one quite normal and proper to that species, and that is all there is to be said about it. But I want to know why, when some particular peculiarity of leaf or flower arrests my attention. It is not enough to tell me: "Oh, you always find it so in that species." But the "it" that I refer to has become a conspicuous feature, and from my experience in the animal kingdom I know that "conspicuous" features had inconspicuous beginnings, which will be found when sought for, either in some extinct forbear or among nearly related species.

Now, the particular "conspicuous feature" which I have in mind in regard to the giant hemlock is the strange investment of the flower-head. For this, until it bursts open, looks like nothing so much as a great paper bag. As it opens it seems to have split in two, leaving each half of the bag surmounted by a green leaf. Later, as the flower-stalk rises, to break out into a great disc of tiny white flowers, the two halves of the bag hang down, while the leaf rises upwards. A half-way stage in this opening process is seen in Fig. 1. What is the nature of this "paper bag"? If the plant as a whole be carefully examined it will be found that each leaf-stalk bears at its base an investing sheath which partly surrounds the stem. But when we come to the flower-head we find this sheath enormously enlarged and apparently bearing the leaf on its extreme upper border. The sheath, indeed, now looks rather like a great spoon supporting a leaf.

What need is there for this strange development? Our only hope of solving this riddle is, it seems to me, to study the plant in its native country, the Caucasus. Here it might be found that the incipient flower had needed some special protection, perhaps from climatic conditions. But a journey to the Caucasus is not to be lightly



2. A FLOWER-HEAD OF THE GIANT HEMLOCK: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING (CENTRE, RIGHT) A PART OF THE BOAT-SHAPED SHEATH SURMOUNTED BY A LEAF.

As with some of our native umbelliferae, such as the cow-parsnip, the leaves of the giant hemlock develop a sheath at their base. The leaf low down on the left of the above photograph shows one of these sheaths very plainly.

These boat-shaped sheaths serve not only to protect the growing flowers, but also as water receptacles: rain trickling down the stems collects here. In many plants, especially such as grow in desert places, these water-pockets play an important part, the water being absorbed by special leaf-hairs.

The term "*umbelliferae*" which I have used refers to the peculiar character of the flower-head, which is formed of a number of short stalks bearing the flowers, radiating outwards from a common base at the end of a long stalk. These flowers are very small, and generally white, and all brought up to the same level to form a conspicuous white disc. This may, with a little poetic license, be said to be an arrangement to facilitate fertilisation by insects. These are chiefly flies and small beetles, which, having no long proboscis, could not get nectar from flowers with a deep tubular corolla. But the nectaries of these flowers are close to the surface. No less than 118 different species of insects have been recorded as visitors to the flower-head of the cow-parsnip. Neither bees nor butterflies are included in this list. As a rule, it may be said, white flowers are visited only, or mainly, by night-flying insects, hence their lack of colour. Red or blue flowers, for example, would be invisible by night. But, in addition to their whiteness, these flowers diffuse various scents which to our nostrils are often extremely unpleasant, as in the case of the hemlock. Some smell like putrefying bodies, and in all such cases they are visited only by carrion-feeding flies, which, coming for nectar, transport pollen to neighbouring flowers and thus ensure fertilisation. Much more might have been said of white and coloured umbelliferous flowers, but this must be reserved for another occasion, as I have come to the limit of my space.



3. THE GIANT HEMLOCK (*HERACLEUM GIGANTEUM*): A FULLY OPENED FLOWER-HEAD, SHOWING THE DENSE MASS OF SMALL WHITE FLOWERS.

There are fifty species belonging to this genus, but the cow-parsley, or hog-weed, is the only species found in Great Britain. The genus ranges throughout Europe, North and Tropical Africa, temperate Asia, and North America.

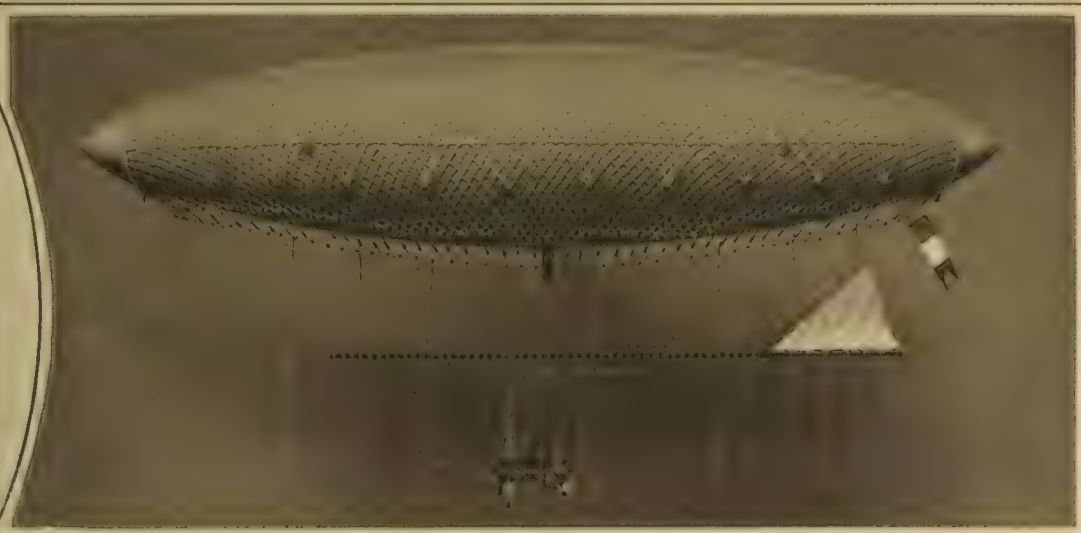


# TYPEWRITERS WITH PIANO-KEYS; TELEPHONES LIKE JACK-IN-THE-BOXES! THE INFANCY OF THE MACHINE AT THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.



NOT THE IDEAL OF A NEAT-FINGERED SEMPSTRESS! A "SINGER" SEWING-MACHINE OF 1854—A CUMBROUS AND NOISY AFFAIR.

The development of the sewing-machine since the middle of the nineteenth century is strikingly illustrated by this "Singer" constructed in 1854. The original invention, by Isaac Merritt Singer, was a lock-stitch machine, patented in 1851, which had an eye-pointed needle, a shuttle, and a horizontal work-bed. It was exceedingly heavy and very noisy in working.



THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL NAVIGABLE AIRSHIP: A MODEL OF GIFFARD'S "DIRIGIBLE BALLOON" OF 1852—AN INVENTION EQUIPPED WITH A STEAM-ENGINE, AND WITH A MOVABLE SAIL AS RUDDER. In 1852, the first successful dirigible balloon, or airship, was constructed and flown by the French engineer Henri Giffard, who adopted the steam-engine, with an airscrew, for propulsion. His first airship, represented by the model, was 144 ft. long and 40 ft. in maximum diameter, with a capacity of 89,000 cubic feet; and it was inflated with coal gas. A triangular sail in the rear acted as a rudder and served to direct the airship. On September 24, 1852, Giffard ascended from the Hippodrome in Paris, and achieved appreciable control in a light wind.



"SPECIAL AMERICAN CABLE" IN 1858: THE MIRROR GALVANOMETER INVENTED BY LORD KELVIN FOR THE FIRST ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The mirror galvanometer was invented by Lord Kelvin in 1858, in order to detect the small currents received at the end of the first Atlantic cable. A small magnet is mounted on the back of a circular mirror suspended by a delicate fibre within a magnetizing coil, the sensitivity of the system being governed by a fixed permanent magnet.



A TYPEWRITER WITH A PIANO KEYBOARD! ONE OF THE EARLIEST SUCCESSFUL MACHINES; BETWEEN 1855 AND 1860.

This machine, made between 1855-1860, is the final form tried by Sir C. Wheatstone. It has the piano keyboard of his first; the paper cylinder and change of case of his second. The small middle key in front is for change of case, and two side keys give spacing between words. It would now be considered that the keys are too heavy and that the inking arrangement is imperfect, but the machine remains one of the earliest successful typewriters.



ADDING MACHINES IN THE 'SIXTIES: THE ORIGINAL TYPE, INVENTED BY THOMAS DE COLMAR (ABOVE); AND A SIMILAR MACHINE MADE BY BURCKHARDT.

The example shown above, which was made about 1860, represents the only calculating machine for multiplication and division made at that period on a commercial scale for general sale. The original design of this type of machine, and its successful introduction about a century ago, are due to Charles Xavier Thomas, of Colmar, in Alsace. This model forms a distinct type, on which that constructed by Burckhardt, and seen below, is closely modelled.



THE TELEPHONE IN 1863: THE "TRANSMITTER" A CUBICAL WOODEN BOX (LEFT); AND THE "RECEIVER"—A WOODEN BOX IN WHICH A KNITTING-NEEDLE VIBRATED. The first "telephonic" instruments were made by Philip Reis, of Frankfurt, between 1860 and 1863. The transmitter was a hollow wooden cube with a circular elastic membrane. A platinum point supported by an angular metal strip rested on a plate glued to the membrane. Loose contact phenomena were produced between the plate and point on the vibration of the membrane. The receiver consisted of a box containing a steel knitting-needle which vibrated inside a long solenoid. The original sounds transmitted could be heard by placing the ear to the box.

THIS year is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the opening of the old South Kensington Museum, which took place on July 1, 1857. Special arrangements have been made at the Science Museum, which contains many of the original objects assembled in 1857, for a comparative exhibition illustrating the development which has since taken place in inventions. We illustrate here a number of curious old machines which will form one feature of the extremely interesting display that is due to open to the public to-day (July 2) at the Science Museum.



## BRITAIN'S LEAD IN NAVAL REDUCTIONS TO THE DISARMAMENT

DRAWING BY OSCAR PARKES, O.B.E., M.B., CH.B.



4 Sloops (1930).

7000-ton Cruiser, "Leander" (1929).

SHIPS ALREADY BUILDING, WHOSE CONSTRUCTION HAS BEEN RETARDED

4 Sloops (1931).  
4 " (1932).3 Submarines (1931).  
3 " (1932).5600-ton Cruiser, "Arethusa" (1931).  
"B" (1932).

SHIPS WHOSE CONSTRUCTION HAS NOT YET BEEN COMMENCED

In connection with the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, the General Committee of which was specially summoned on June 22 to consider President Hoover's new proposals for reduction of the world's armaments, the question of naval strength is of paramount importance to this country. The Naval Estimates in March showed how Britain had already made the utmost sacrifices compatible (in existing conditions) with security of the Empire and trade routes. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir B. Eyres-Monsell, deprecated

any more reduction. "There can be no further slowing down of our building programme" (he said), "and a steady replacement programme must be unflinchingly pursued." In our issue of January 9, February 13, March 5 and 26, respectively, we illustrated new additions to the fleets of France, Italy, the United States, and Japan. Here we show prospective additions to the British Fleet. In a note on his drawing, Dr. Oscar Parkes writes: "The quota of 10,000-ton cruisers permitted for the British Navy by the Naval Treaty having

## CONFERENCE: RETARDED ADDITIONS TO THE ROYAL NAVY.

EDITOR OF "JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS."



9 Destroyers, "Daring" Class (1930).

7000-ton Cruisers, "Neptune," "Orion," "Achilles" (1930).

(IN BRACKETS, DATES OF ESTIMATES IN WHICH THEY WERE INCLUDED).

3 Submarines (1929) and 3 (1930).

7000-ton Cruisers, "Ajax," "Amphion" (1931).  
"C" and "D" (1932).9 Destroyers (1931).  
9 " (1932).

(IN BRACKETS, DATES OF ESTIMATES IN WHICH THEY WERE INCLUDED).

been filled, the only ships now being added are small cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and sloops. The upper picture shows ships of the 1929 and 1930 programmes in building, whose completion has been delayed as a disarmament gesture, and subsequently by work being slowed up for economic reasons. 'Leander' is the first of a new class of 6-inch-gunned fast light cruisers, of which 'Orion,' 'Neptune,' and 'Achilles' are modified sisters. The sloops, submarines, and destroyers are launched, and 'Leander' is to be

completed late this year. In the lower picture are ships of the 1931 and 1932 programmes yet to be laid down. Four cruisers will be of the 'Leander' class, and two of a new 5600-ton design with six instead of eight 6-inch guns. As the First Lord pointed out, this year marks the lowest limit to which our naval construction can be allowed to fall. The British Fleet has been bared to the bone, and henceforth our programmes (the Disarmament Conference permitting?) will be in full accordance with our needs."



# "THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE REAL NAVY": By LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY.\*

(PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON.)

THE title of Commander Kenworthy's book seems, at first glance, rather formidable. "The Real Navy"! Surely a big theme for a single volume! One looks at the chapter-headings, and one sees that the author, so far from concentrating on a single aspect of his subject, has discussed it from every possible point of view; the first chapter, for instance, which traces the historical development of the Navy, takes us back to the Phœnicians. Surely, one thinks, so unrestricted a survey will be obliged to omit all but the most salient features; it will record oceans and seas, but it will leave out bays and inlets, those details and personal touches dear to the heart of the general reader. Or, if it does include them, it will include them in the spirit of the text-book, drily and dully, and it will be so full of technicalities that only a trained seaman will be able to grasp the author's meaning.

These misgivings, however, are entirely unjustified. Though so comprehensive in its scope, Commander Kenworthy's book does not disdain detail; on the contrary, it alternates with perfect ease between the general and the particular, and so far from being unduly technical, at times it errs in the direction of being almost too elementary. For instance, the author explains that the world-trade, colonisation, and conquest which marked the sixteenth century were made possible by "a revolution in the art of seamanship."

"This was the discovery of making a ship sail *against* the wind. Up till the beginning of the sixteenth century, sailing vessels had to wait for a favourable wind. They had to be blown along by it. But by altering the rig so that the yards on which the sails were spread could be hauled round with the leading edge of the sails pointing towards the wind, and by altering the build of the hulls of the ships so that they lay deeper in the water and had a better grip of the liquid element in which they floated, it became possible for ships to sail against the wind."

This is a most interesting fact, and, to me at any rate, a completely unfamiliar one. But Commander Kenworthy goes on to say: "They could not sail directly into the eyes of the wind; but by zigzagging against it, like a horse with a heavy load zigzagging uphill, they could make progress. This is known as tacking, or beating up against the wind."

Here is a fact we all know. But for once that the reader is inclined to feel impatient with his author for assuming that he knows too little, a hundred times he is grateful to Commander Kenworthy for not assuming that he knows too much. The book is a model of lucidity and plain-sailing. How different from the novels of some writers who, having picked up a smattering of their craft, love to impress and bewilder and mystify us with pages of nautical jargon!

In his foreword, Commander Kenworthy explains one of his motives for writing about the Navy.

"There are," he says, "two popular views encouraged by the music-halls, cinemas, and popular novels. One is that life in the 'Royal Navy' is a glorified picnic, engaged in by rollicking Jack Tars, light-hearted midshipmen, and handsome, dashing lieutenants, who one and all fall in love with the Admiral's daughter and outwit foreign spies. The other conception is of a life of monotonous routine, continual hardship and exile, relieved only by debauchery and loose living. Both pictures are utterly wrong, while the war-time presentations in films and history books only tell a small part of the story. I have in these pages endeavoured to describe the Navy as it was, tracing its evolution and development. I have sought to give an account of its service in peace and in war, and the conditions of life in the post-war Navy under the conditions of world peace. And I have delved into the future, and ventured into the realms of prophecy in the chapters dealing with possible future developments."

Commander Kenworthy does not overestimate the services rendered to the Allies by the Royal Navy in the European War; if anything, he is inclined perhaps to underestimate them. He gives a short sketch of the expansion of England in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, pointing out that in this expansion our predominance at sea was a decisive factor; but in 1914-18 "it would be inaccurate to say that the Navy played the same

relative part that it did in previous wars. . . . The part played by the Navy was important, in that it prevented defeat. But it did not bring victory in the old sense. The German military power on land had first to be broken."

In the chapter entitled "Modern Warships and Their Weapons," Commander Kenworthy traces in detail the changes that have affected the world's fighting ships as a result of post-war conditions. They are extremely interesting, but one cannot recapitulate them here. After comparing the tonnage, armament, horse-power and speed of the *Nelson* (Britain, 33,500 tons), the *West Virginia*

water-mines exploding near the hull. Water is practically incompressible, and the effect of a heavy under-water explosion is to drive a mass of water against the hull of a ship near, when it acts as a huge hammer. When these four bombs were dropped and exploded, the bows of this great battle-ship were literally lifted eight or ten feet out of the water, and the bottom of her hull was driven right in. She sank within ten minutes of the dropping of the fourth bomb.

"This is the quickest time in which a large ship has ever been sunk by under-water attack."

Though opposed to a wholesale abolition of armaments,

Commander Kenworthy is in favour of a large-scale reduction of them. Submarines, he thinks, should be entirely discarded, but not for the very simple reason "that England is most vulnerable to this particular form of attack." A submarine has no room on board for prisoners, "nor can she spare a prize crew to navigate a capture into harbour. . . . she is therefore unsuitable for use as a cruiser or privateer, and can only be effective in destroying commerce by literally destroying it—as the Germans did"—an act that is as wasteful as it is inhumane and contrary to the chivalry of the seas. If the use of the submarine were prohibited (and Commander Kenworthy thinks that the prohibition could really be enforced by international agreement) "the necessity for maintaining a very large flotilla of small surface vessels to counteract it would also disappear," and the consequent saving of expenditure would be considerable. Commander Kenworthy also advocates the abolition of the superdreadnought battle-ship, partly because these great vessels are not worth the money they cost, partly because with their disappearance "the abolition of the submarine would become practical politics."

He recommends that "8000 tons and 6 inches for the guns be taken as a limit for all future war vessels, and that thereafter a free hand should be allowed in the use to be made of the limited tonnage."

Other economies could be effected "by combining the Air Ministry, Admiralty, and War Office in one Ministry of Defence," and substituting oil for coal fuel throughout the Fleet.

Some of the most entertaining chapters in Commander Kenworthy's book are those that describe the life of officers and men on board ship. Here the author's memory for anecdotes serves him well. He does not sentimentalise the sailor's life, but he shows that plenty of fun, not always quiet fun, is to be got out of it. Practical jokes are not unknown, and these (as in the ceremony of "Crossing the Line") are apt occasionally to be a little rough. There are "happy" ships and "smart" ships, and the two categories, if they do not always coincide, are not mutually exclusive. Commander Kenworthy devotes a good deal of space to the consideration of "naval discipline." Reforms, he thinks, are needed in this, especially in the matter of preferring "complaints." Men with real grievances are deterred from expressing them, because if the complaint is judged to be "frivolous" or "vexatious," it is held to be an act prejudicial to discipline, and the person who makes it suffers. In past years, punishments in the Navy were extremely severe: nothing could well be more barbarous than the practice of "keel-hauling." But lately the punishments have declined both in number and severity. "Great credit is due to all ranks for this falling-off in offences. . . . We now have a steady, well-behaved and sober body of men on the lower deck. The reckless, rollicking Jack Tar, very partial to carousals and drunken bouts, has almost disappeared."

It is in this question of discipline that the author abandons for a moment his attitude of impartial historian. Hard things have been said about the Navy over the "mutiny" at Invergordon in September 1931. It was never a mutiny, says Commander Kenworthy, it was a strike. "There was no political motive; agitators had no part in this episode; it was a spontaneous movement of indignation against a doubly felt grievance. . . . there were no concerted acts of insubordination." He makes out a very strong case for the men, and the general public as well as the Senior Service will be grateful to him for clearing up an incident which has been subject to so much misrepresentation, and given both foreigners and Englishmen a false conception of what "The Real Navy" is.



AN ABSOLUTE MONARCH NO LONGER: THE KING OF SIAM CROWNED AND WEARING HIS ROYAL ROBES.

On June 24 a sudden and peaceful change was effected by the People's Party in the constitution of Siam. A limited monarchy was proclaimed in place of the absolute monarchy which prevailed before. King Prajadhipok, who was not in Bangkok at the time, returned to his capital on June 26. He was born in November 1893, and succeeded his brother in 1925, to become the seventh monarch of his dynasty. He was educated at Eton and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Last year he visited the United States to undergo an operation on his eye. He has no children.

From the Royal Academy Picture by Oswald Birley, M.C., R.O.I.

(America, 32,600 tons), the *Mutsu* (Japan, 33,800 tons), he observes:

"It is quite possible that these will be the last great ships of the line constructed for any navy in the world; for they cost some six to seven million gold pounds sterling each; and their yearly running costs are half a million pounds each. They have a crew of about a thousand men apiece. . . . They are the last word in fighting strength and power."

In spite of this, it looks as though they might prove ineffective against attack by aeroplane. One of the German super-dreadnoughts, surrendered to America under the Peace Treaty, was made the target of an experimental attack by aeroplanes. "Four 2000-pound bombs were aimed to explode in the water alongside of her; that is, they were not aimed to hit the ship itself, but to act as

\* "The Real Navy." By Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy. (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.)



# CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGE IN SIAM: PEOPLE'S PARTY; PRINCELY HOSTAGES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BOSSHARD. COPYRIGHT BY CARL DUNCKER VERLAG, BERLIN.



A DETACHMENT OF INFANTRY OF THE SIAMESE ARMY, WHICH COMBINED WITH THE NAVY TO FORM THE PEOPLE'S PARTY AND PROCLAIM A LIMITED MONARCHY: A SCENE AT THE RECENT OPENING OF THE NEW MENAM BRIDGE.



MEMBERS OF AN ARMY WHICH HELPED TO BRING ABOUT AN IMPORTANT CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGE WITHOUT SHEDDING BLOOD AND ALMOST WITHOUT USING FORCE: SIAMESE ARTILLERY.



THE SPIRIT OF MODERNITY, SUCH AS INSPIRED THE RECENT CHANGES IN THE CONSTITUTION: A SIAMESE AT A WIRELESS SET.



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF SIAM — AT THE SESQUICENTENARY CELEBRATIONS OF HIS DYNASTY: HIS MAJESTY BORNE ALOFT IN STATE.



MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, CERTAIN PRINCES OF WHICH WERE HELD AS HOSTAGES BY THE PEOPLE'S PARTY: SIAMESE PRINCESSES.



THE KING'S GUARDS IN OLD-TIME COSTUME: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE RECENT CEREMONIES IN HONOUR OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE RULING CHAKRI DYNASTY.



PRINCES OF THE ROYAL HOUSE: PRINCE SVASTI; PRINCE PARIBATRA AND PRINCE DAMRONG, WHO WERE HELD AS HOSTAGES BY THE PEOPLE'S PARTY; A GRANDSON OF PRINCE PARIBATRA; AND PRINCE RANGSIT (LEFT TO RIGHT).

The last absolute monarchy of the modern world came to a sudden end on June 24, when the newly-formed Siamese People's Party, which the Army and the Navy combined to form, proclaimed a limited monarchy and held certain of the royal Princes as hostages. According to the first reports received, the change was effected without any shedding of blood, and almost without the use of force. The People's Party had no intention, it was emphasised, of deposing the King

(who was not in Bangkok at the time), but claimed that their political activities were directed towards "establishing a form of government by and for the people with the King's consent." Early reports indicated that King Prajadhipok, on his return to the capital, accepted the new condition of affairs; but it was reported later that he had not necessarily agreed to all the changes proposed. Our photographs were taken at the sesquicentenary celebrations of the dynasty.



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## COMMENTARY.

IN the interesting questionnaire compiled by Mr. Sidney Bernstein, and issued last November to members of the public in all the districts served by his theatres, I find the question, "Would you welcome the return of the silent films?" answered as follows: "Fifty-seven per cent. of the people replying to this question do not wish to see any more silent pictures, whilst forty-eight per cent. would tolerate them as an occasional relief from Talkies. The votes in the latter section come chiefly from industrial districts where, one imagines, the public seeks the romance and fantasy which are only provided by the absence of talk."

Romance and fantasy, therefore—to which one may be permitted to add, with full justification, films of action, adventure, and pictorial interest—do not seem, even to the mass mind, to require the impetus of audible speech. Nor would I be surprised to find the balance of percentage in Mr. Bernstein's future questionnaires readjusted to fifty-fifty, or even, quite possibly, to a reversal of the figures for and against silence. For it is certain that the world's outstanding directors have gradually introduced an economy of dialogue, in order to facilitate a return to the actional and pictorial qualities of their medium. Silent sequences—silent, at least, in so far as speech is concerned, and relying, as I have indicated in a previous article, on musical accompaniment to fill the vacuum which the ear apparently abhors—are no longer feared in fictional productions. In these, sheer beauty or thrill of action and scenic setting are allowed to occupy the eye or stimulate the imagination undisturbed by the spoken word. Yet, on the other hand, that most difficult of all accompaniments, the spoken commentary, has grown unchecked, and in some cases to the dimensions of an obliterating flood. Why are the sponsors of so many attractive programme items, admirably fulfilling their function of support to the "feature film," so prone to spoil the ship with the tar of talk, slabbed on with a lavish disregard of the proverbial "ha'porth"? Why this fetish of the facetious, non-stop chatter behind the scenes? The average commentator seems to have received his instructions from headquarters, where a total lack of intelligence coupled

with a general condition of astigmatism among the public is confidently assumed!

All of us have suffered on occasion from the type of film-goer who insists on explaining audibly to his, or her neighbour the happenings on the screen. Most of us, indeed, have sought, sometimes with success, to quench the flow



JACK HULBERT AND CICELY COURTNEIDGE IN A NEW COMEDY AT THE TIVOLI: A SCENE FROM "JACK'S THE BOY," WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

In the new Gainsborough film, "Jack's the Boy," directed by Walter Forde, Jack Hulbert is seen as a police constable and Cicely Courtneidge as a café proprietress. These two admirable comedians are at their best. Mr. Ben Field is the third figure in the photograph.

of gratuitous information with a basilisk eye, or even—on courageous days—with a bold, if polite, plea for silence. But nothing we can do or say will stop the loquacity of the canned commentator, just as great an irritant, in many cases, as the nuisance in the auditorium, until such time as audiences find some means of voicing their opinion on the whole question of commentary. Perhaps Mr. Bernstein, who keeps a finger on the public pulse, can help us. My private questionnaire amongst average filmgoers has elicited a feeling in the matter concurrent with my own. I yield to no one in my liking for the news-reels, my admiration for the energy that keeps them up-to-the-minute and far-reaching—above all, my genuine delight in the enterprise and vision that enables us to travel on magic carpets to the ends of the earth. But I confess that the good old explanatory caption, unpretentiously and with perfect docility playing second fiddle to the musical accompaniment, is far less disturbing than the persistent "asides" in a pictorial tour of enchanted lands, where carved temples rear their fretwork against cloudless skies, where youths and maidens walk in delicate dignity, where the rhythm of nature and movement is all too easily jostled by the dry or alternatively humorous comments of an unseen, terribly conscientious guide.

Again, what added thrill can the staccato voice of the commentator hope to bestow on the leap of a lion, let us say, in an African adventure-picture? The brooding silence of the jungle, scarcely disturbed by the wary approach of the King of Beasts, is punctuated by exclamations such as: "Here he comes! Gee! he looks hungry! he's coming—he's coming!" (an ominous fact that all of us can see for ourselves!); until the deadly leap, freezing, one would imagine, all sound in panic petrification, pierced only by the scream of the stricken prey, is hailed with something like: "Oh, Boy, what a jump!" It is all wrong, all out of focus, a reduction of the grandiose to the commonplace. Sport and "curiosities" are, perhaps, a more legitimate playground for the inveterate joker behind the screen, but even here the hard-worked pun with the quick-fire apology to cloak its old bones has never convinced me as a popular asset to subjects which are in themselves instructive, entertaining, and of plastic appeal.

The full-length picture, such as M. André Roosevelt's "Kriss," the native romance developed with rare sincerity and moments of exquisite beauty on the island of Bali, or "England Awake," wherein the Iron Duke himself was pressed into service, as commentator and prophet,

to link up, *tant bien que mal*, the disconnected events of a century of progress, is a different and an even more difficult proposition. For here the pitfalls of monotony lie in wait. Here are moods, crescendo of effect and emotion, to be echoed. Here a course has to be steered between the matter-of-fact detachment of the radio announcer and the exclamatory interruptions of the "Oh, Boy!" school. A dramatic situation may easily be shattered by a voice that is a shade too dry, a shade too sober, or a shade too lachrymose. A writer equal to the strain of rising to the passionate urgency of M. Roosevelt's remote and lovely Balinese legend—to which I return merely as a case in point and not, be it understood, as a particularly poor example of commentary—must possess abilities that have probably swept him triumphantly into mightier channels. Yet it should be possible, it seems to me imperative, to enlist the aid of the younger writer and to encourage his co-operation. He would find a task to try his mettle. For the spoken commentary must be no less sensitive to the light, shade, and tempo of a picture than the musical accompaniment; nor should it, for all its quality, usurp more than its carefully allocated share of our attention. Discreet, nervous, terse, and yet not trite—the ideal commentary! A tall order? No doubt; but one that, when fulfilled, will pay for itself in added entertainment value and not only in the public's enhanced pleasure.

## TWO GREAT COMEDIANS.

The new picture at the Tivoli, "Jack's the Boy," than which there has been nothing more breezy, jolly, and entertaining, definitely establishes Mr. Jack Hulbert, part-author of its excellent scenario, and Miss Cicely Courtneidge as screen comedians whose comic inspiration amounts to genius. In them the spirit of true burlesque burns brightly and with no forced flame. It is not only that they know their business from A to Z, that Mr. Hulbert can dance with a rhythmic precision, an elegance of movement, which sets the blood skipping through our veins, that Miss Courtneidge can be on occasion a clown as grotesquely funny as any of the Marx Brothers, nor that they



A GANGLAND FILM AT THE EMPIRE: "SCARFACE," WITH PAUL MUNI IN THE NAME-PART—HIS GUN CAMOUFLAGED AS A PAPER PARCEL!

"Scarface," a new United Artists film, began its run at the Empire on June 24. It is a story of "rackets" and shootings, and tells of the rise and fall of an ambitious gangster.

handle their material with a splendid assurance. These things are the sound foundations of their art. Its brilliance derives from a keenness of observation which both possess, an intimate knowledge of the people in every walk of life. Mr. Hulbert and Miss Courtneidge are a pair of comic mirrors, reflecting vanities, manners, business, and pleasure—everything that comes under their scrutiny (and nothing seems to escape it)—distorting it all, but never cruelly, into something supremely funny. It is this leaven of truth in Mr. Hulbert's wonderful study of the tyro policeman in "Jack's the Boy," and Miss Courtneidge's delicious Cockney, attuning her accent to her pseudo-Scottish café, that lends an edge to their drolleries and a fillip to our laughter. Possibly this aspect of their racy humour can only be appreciated to the full by an English audience. But even where their unconscious "sitters" are not so easily recognised, the lively colours of their satirical portraits—almost too close to reality to be called caricatures—hold a zestful, exhilarating quality that is the hall-mark of their work.



"ONE HOUR WITH YOU": MAURICE CHEVALIER AND JEANNETTE MACDONALD IN THE NEW FILM AT THE CARLTON. Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette Macdonald are together again in a new Paramount picture, and will no doubt repeat their success of "The Love Parade." The cast of the film also includes Genevieve Tobin, Josephine Dunn, and Charles Ruggles.



# "Vanishing India": A Great Pictorial Record Exhibited in London.

PAINTINGS BY STOWITTS. NOW ON VIEW IN HIS "VANISHING INDIA" EXHIBITION AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (SEE ALSO PAGES II AND III.)

HERE and on a double-page following we give examples from an exhibition of very great interest (open till July 16) at the Imperial Institute—a series of 150 tempera paintings, by Stowitts, entitled "Vanishing India," and representing, in particular, many arts and crafts now rapidly disappearing. There is also a collection of Javanese paintings by him. The pictures are of great historical value as an ethnographic record. They are not for sale, and the exhibition proceeds go to the British Red Cross Society, the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and the Ashtead Potteries, which are worked by disabled ex-Service men. Mr. Hubert J. Stowitts, whose art we have previously illustrated in black and white, is an American. At the University of California he shone in athletics. Then he took up dancing and toured for five years with Pavlova as her dancing partner. Leaving the stage for art, he lived a while among Spanish gipsies. He has since spent three years wandering all over India, and painting.



"BENGALI SITARA-PLAYER."



"MISS BURI DEY. BENGALI."



"PARBATI. A THAKUR RAJPUT CHILD, BHOPAL."



# INDIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS NOW PASSING AWAY: A MODERN PAINTER'S INVALUABLE PORTRAYALS AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



1. "PRECIOUS STONE SETTER."



2. "TRAVANCORE POTTER."



3. "TIE-DYERS."



4. "STONE SCREEN CARVER."



5. "LAC TURNER."



6. "COPPERSMITH."



7. "BRASS ENGRAVER."



8. "SCULPTOR AND FIGURE OF GANESHA."

Above are further examples (following those on page 1) from the current exhibition, at the Imperial Institute, of a wonderful series of tempera paintings, by Stowitts, representing Indian types and arts and crafts now rapidly disappearing. Regarding these subjects the exhibition catalogue notes:—(1) "There are only a few families left in Jaipur who still know the secrets of the old-fashioned manner of setting stones, by adding one layer of gold foil to another and pushing them with heated instruments around the edge of the stones to form designs. This art was much copied by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century.—(2) Every village in India has its quarter assigned entirely to the pottery industry. The sacred thread on this potter and his

apprentice who turns the wheel indicates that they are descended from the Brahmins.—(3) Tie-dyers. Little spots of colour are put on white cloth, and a string is tied round a bit of the cloth where the spot is. Other strings are stitched into designs and left in the cloth and pulled tightly, so that, when the cloth is dipped in dye, the colour cannot reach the places where the strings are tied. When the garment is dried, the threads are removed, leaving a

lovely crinkly design. Thus are made, in Rajputana, women's skirts 19 yards in circumference.—(4) Instead of glass, windows in Rajputana are closed by perforated stone screens, done either in Moslem geometric designs or in floral designs.—(5) Table legs and round boxes and trays are decorated by revolving them rapidly and pressing against the part to be decorated a stick of coloured lac or sealing-wax. The heat of the friction melts the wax and

attaches it to the wood in layers.—(6) Sometimes custom demands that great numbers of people be entertained at dinner. Recently in Bombay a Bohra entertained 30,000 people. So, of course, enormous cooking-vessels are required.—(7) Brass engraver. This man was a master craftsman and teacher at the Jaipur school of industrial arts. He is carving a large tea-tray for one of the nobles.—(8) Rajputana was formerly very famous for its sculpture in marble, as can be seen in the beautiful filigree temples at Dilwara on Mount Abu. At present, however, the art of sculpture has rather degenerated into stereotyped forms of various gods and goddesses. Ganesha the Hindu god of wisdom, is represented with an elephant's head.





**LOOK AT THE TREAD—  
THAT'S FOR  
GREATER SAFETY**

**INSIDE THERE'S  
THE GUM-DIPPED  
CORD—THAT'S FOR  
MORE MILEAGE**

**FIRESTONE TYRES GIVE YOU BOTH**



# Firestone

MADE IN ENGLAND  
ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD NEAR LONDON



## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

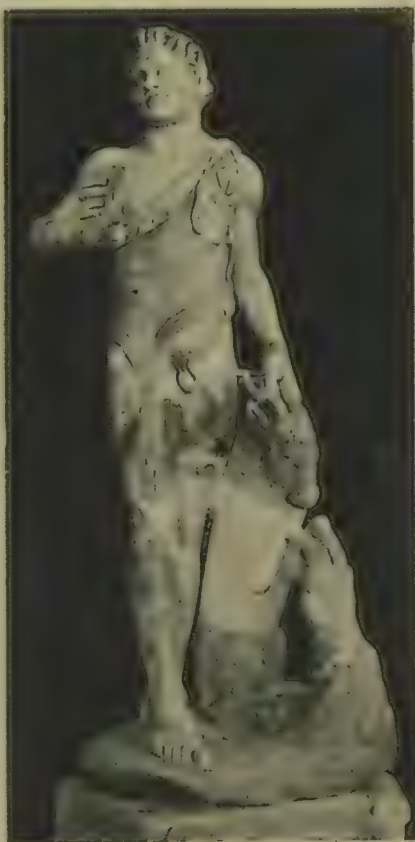
"THANK HEAVEN FASTING" is not a book to put into the hands of a debutante. I do not say this because there is anything in it to bring a blush to the cheek of a young person. On the contrary, it is a most moral tale; on the one occasion when Monica Ingram departs from the rule of conduct laid down by her mother she suffers severely. And, ultimately, her assiduous attendance at ball-rooms, her unquestioning acceptance of the conventions of her world, are crowned with success. Marriage had been held up to her as the aim and object of life, and at the age of thirty, or thereabouts, she marries. It was not a brilliant match, but Herbert Pelham was a good man, and Monica, emotionally starved for many weary years, thanked Heaven for his love.

All the same, in spite of its happy ending, a more introspective woman than Monica might well have asked herself if the game had been worth the candle. Her life, since the time of her "coming out," was embittered by a sense of frustration and defeat. She was unmarried; therefore she was a failure. It is true that love had once visited her, but the god came in the guise of Christopher Lane, a shabby fellow if ever there was one. In that remote, Edwardian epoch there was no one to tell Monica that she could devote her time to better purpose than passively waiting for eligible males. And, although Miss Delafield is more enlightened, and allows her implicit irony to play about Monica's desperate situation, she never belittles her heroine's sufferings; shipwrecks, floods, fires, pestilence, all seem minor catastrophes compared with the state of an Edwardian debutante, quite pretty, gentle, pleasant, comfortably off, who wanted to get married and could not. "Thank Heaven Fasting" is one of the most brilliant (though not one of the most hilarious) of its author's many brilliant books.

The action of "Poor Scholars" takes place some twenty years later, and how the scene has changed! Of course, Universities, though often conservative in behaviour, are often also advanced in ideas; the twins, May and Philip Chesterfield, going up to Cambridge just before the General Strike, found that the principles of psycho-analysis were taking the place of Victorian morality as a guide to the behaviour of undergraduates. May did not suffer from "repressions," but Philip did; in deference to the new ideas he felt it almost his duty to have a mistress. He soon became as proficient in love as he was at cricket and at work. Mr. Rossiter's dialogue is often very entertaining; but the book would have been decidedly the better for a little judicious pruning.

"A Professional Christian" is described on the dust cover as a bitter book, and this it certainly is. Some readers may be alienated by Mr. Hardwick's tone, and some may think that his selected figures are not sufficiently representative of clerical life in general to justify his choice. In any case, it would have been better if he had abstained altogether from generalisations and confined himself to judging his characters on their own merits. When he does this he commands our respectful attention, because he has high standards and a very penetrating eye. "A Professional Christian" is a book that should be read by young men who contemplate taking holy orders; it will help them to decide whether they are fitted for and worthy of the calling they propose to enter.

Mr. Louis Bromfield's "A Modern Hero" rises from being a bare-back rider in a circus to a position of financial eminence in a flourishing town of the Middle West.



RECONSTRUCTED FROM FRAGMENTS FOUND BY THE EXCAVATORS OF THE AGORA AT ATHENS: A MARBLE SATYR. In our last issue we dealt very fully with newly found treasures from the American zone of the ancient Agora of Athens, and illustrated a considerable number of the works of art that have been discovered. Here is the result of piecing together a number of marble fragments.

His good looks, and their effect on the hearts of a series of women, were mainly responsible for his success. He is not exactly a cad, for, though his main idea was to get on in the world, he was capable of affection; he kept a soft



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE CAMPION CUP.

The Campion Cup—for long a possession of the Campion family, of Danny, Sussex—belongs to a small group of font-shaped cups, some equipped with covers, which appear to have been popular in this country at the end of the fifteenth and in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. It is of silver-gilt; and it carries the London hall-mark for 1500-1 and a maker's mark which has not been deciphered. The engraved band bears a conventional flower and four pomegranates separating the words of the pious inscription, "Soli Deo Honor et Gloria." The diameter is five inches.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

place in his heart for Joanna, the first victim of his charms, and he loved and spoilt their son, Peter. The passing years increased his wealth, but diminished his happiness, and the story closes in tragedy. It is an interesting piece of work, but rather straggling and shapeless.

"The Birthday," too, is a book of considerable merit, for Mr. Rogers has many of the qualifications of a novelist, and has done with complete success what he set out to do. Incidentally he has painted a picture of American life which contrasts very agreeably with others that have been offered to us of late. The charming heroine is exhibited at three points in her career: first, at a dinner-party and a dance; then on her wedding-day three years later; and lastly at her birthday-party when she is thirty-four, with a husband and children at her side. The reader is projected into the consciousness of each of the principal characters in turn, and by this means he gets to know a great deal about them. The defect of the method is that it leaves so little for the imagination to work on; after a time one tires of it, as one tires of "pre-digested" foods.

No such criticism can be levelled against "The Sweepstake Prize," for Mr. A. P. Nicholson presents the facts fairly and squarely, and allows us to make our own interpretation. This is not always easy, for a certain knowledge of betting and horse-racing, a certain familiarity with the intricacies of the stock-and-share market, are necessary if we are to realise how it was that Osbert turned his forty thousand pounds (won in a sweepstake) into a million, and Hugh permitted his to dwindle into a burden of debts. Shares in a gramophone company proved more profitable than American real estate. Joy Wentworth, however, preferred love in a hut with Hugh to marble halls with Osbert, and I think the reader will applaud her choice. Prosperity had brought out the worst side of Osbert's character. A magnificent account of the hurricane in Florida brings the story to a sad, yet not altogether unsatisfactory, close. Mr. Nicholson is not a graceful writer, and there are occasional provincialisms of style; but he has a story and knows how to tell it.

The story is not the most important thing in "But Wisdom Lingers." Miss Lehmann is not greatly interested in what happened to Richard Saville; she early provides for his worldly welfare by making him a successful dramatist. She wants to tell us what happened in him; how the growing man lost those moments of vision, that sense of direction and purpose, which he enjoyed in youth, and how, after a period of aimlessness, he recovered them again in the arms of a good woman. "Good" is not perhaps the *mot juste* for Susan; she was violent and vital and unhappy; and it was more through good fortune than in accordance with probability that her emotional unrest and Richard's met and cancelled themselves out.

"The Postmaster General" is a satire on the English political situation in 1960. Wilfred Halterton, Postmaster General in Mrs. Boulger's second Administration, is the hero of the story; he is also the dupe of a minister and a financier who are as clever as they are unscrupulous. In their crooked dealings over the Television Contract, however, they had reckoned without Arthur Lawson, a benevolent Jew of enormous wealth, who neatly spikes their guns. Mr. Chesterton's delicious sketches add greatly to the entertainment we get from Mr. Belloc's robust, humorous fantasy.

The chief incidents in the career of Hannibal, Dictator of Thalia, are founded on fact: in the course of a few pages the reader will guess which prominent European statesman has sat as Mr. Slocombe's model. Fact and fancy, however, are skilfully blended; Mr. Slocombe's imagination moves easily among rulers and princes; and we must admit that "Dictator," whether we regard it as fantasy or prophecy, is the work of an able man. Whether it is the work of a born novelist I feel less sure: the love-interest, though constant, is less impressive than the author's treatment of political issues.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol has ransacked English history, from Roman times down to the present day, for the episodes of love, valour, and suffering which comprise his new novel, "Voices from the Dust." He is a historical novelist of the sword-and-cloak school; the dialogue is full of phrases like "What meaneth this so mannerless intrusion?" But the episodes have colour and movement; they recall the past as a pageant recalls it.

"The Volga Flows to the Caspian Sea" "may be called" (we are told) "the novel of the Five Year Plan." Mr. Pilnyak is a most ambitious author, but unfortunately his mental attainments fall short of his pretensions: he writes with a great deal of *empressment*, but his observations, whether on science or on human nature, are often elementary and futile.

"The Greek Coffin Mystery" is a capital detective story, original, ingenious, full of false clues, yet allowing the reader a chance of guessing the criminal. It will enhance Mr. Ellery Queen's deservedly high reputation. "Death of John Tait" is less distinguished. The theme is murder and blackmail. Some of the scenes—those connected with the madman in the London house, for instance—are very far-fetched. But Inspector Pointer is well drawn, and a much more convincing human being than are most detectives in fiction.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Thank Heaven Fasting. By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)  
 Poor Scholars. By A. P. Rossiter. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)  
 A Professional Christian. By J. C. Hardwick. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)  
 A Modern Hero. By Louis Bromfield. (Cassell; 8s. 6d.)  
 The Birthday. By Samuel Rogers. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Sweepstake Prize. By A. P. Nicholson. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)  
 But Wisdom Lingers. By Beatrix Lehmann. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Postmaster General. By Hilaire Belloc. Sketches by G. K. Chesterton. (Arrowsmith; 7s. 6d.)  
 Dictator. By George Slocombe. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
 Voices from the Dust. By Jeffery Farnol. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Volga Flows to the Caspian Sea. By Boris Pilnyak. (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Greek Coffin Mystery. By Ellery Queen. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
 Death of John Tait. By A. Fielding. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)



SOLD FOR 390 GUINEAS: A PLASTER BUST OF A CHILD—BY J. A. HOUDON.

This bust was sold to Mr. M. Harris, at Christie's last week, for 390 guineas. It is 15 inches high. A bronze of it is in the collection of M. Lucas Moreno.





THE CLOSING SCENE OF THE THIRTY-FIRST EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS—A MEMORABLE EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF DUBLIN: A GREAT GATHERING AROUND THE SACRAMENTAL PAVILION ERECTED BY O'CONNELL BRIDGE, WHERE THE PAPAL LEGATE (CARDINAL LAURI), CONVEYED THIRTEEN IN PROCESSION AFTER THE PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS IN PHOENIX PARK, DELIVERED A FINAL ADDRESS AND PRONOUNCED THE CEREMONIAL BENEDICTION, RAISING ALOFT THE GOLDEN MONSTRANCE AND MAKING THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.



CONVEYING THE HOST IN A SPECIAL MOBILE BASE ON PNEUMATIC-TYRED WHEELS, IN THE PROCESSION FROM PHOENIX PARK TO O'CONNELL BRIDGE: THE LEGATE, WITH THE MONSTRANCE, KNEELING INSIDE THE VEHICLE, ATTENDED BY DEARERS INCLUDING COUNT JOHN MCCORMACK (RIGHT FORE-GROUND)—SHOWING ALSO MR. COSGRAVE (EXTREME LEFT NEAR FORE-GROUND).



THE GREATEST CEREMONY DURING THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN DUBLIN: THE CELEBRATION OF PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS AT AN OPEN-AIR ALTAR BENEATH A SACRAMENTAL PAVILION WAS CELEBRATED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE—A GROUND VIEW SHOWING PART

The great Eucharistic Congress in Dublin culminated, on Sunday, June 26, with an open-air celebration of Pontifical High Mass, attended by about a million worshippers, followed by a four-mile procession to O'Connell Bridge, where the Papal Legate, Cardinal Lauri, delivered his concluding address and pronounced the Benediction. The organisation was described as magnificent. In Phoenix Park the so-called "Fifteen Acres," more than a mile square, were covered with people, who were ushered to their appointed places without

a hitch. Every parish had its own allotted section. Special instructions were broadcast by a pageant-master for strict division of the sexes to be preserved. Ten Cardinals in all were present at the ceremony, and the Cardinal Legate was escorted to his throne by an imposing retinue of Papal dignitaries. Beneath the cross-crowned cupola of a white sacramental pavilion, flanked by colonnades built for the occasion, the Legate presided at the altar, and Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Baltimore, Dr. Curley. His voice

## THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN

## DUBLIN: "CLOCK-WORK" ORGANISATION OF A MILLION DEVOTEES.



A MASTERPIECE OF ORGANISATION IN MARSHALLING A MILLION WORSHIPPERS AT THE PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS IN PHOENIX PARK: AN AIR VIEW OF THE SO-CALLED "FIFTEEN ACRES" (OVER A MILE SQUARE) THROGGED WITH A VAST CONGREGATION; SHOWING (IN CENTRE BACKGROUND) THE WHITE PAVILION FOR THE ALTAR, FLANKED BY COLONNADES.



(SEEN ON THE LEFT) SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE OCCASION IN PHOENIX PARK, WHERE THE PAPAL LEGATE (CARDINAL LAURI) PRESIDED AT THE ALTAR AND THE MASS OF THE VAST ASSEMBLAGE, IN WHICH EVERY PARISH HAD ITS OWN APPOINTED SECTION.

was heard over the wireless by his mother, aged 91, who was lying ill at Athlone. Cardinal Lauri recalled in his Address the fact that the Congress was being held in Ireland in the 1500th anniversary year of the coming of St. Patrick. After the address, Count John McCormack, the well-known singer, sang César Franck's Communion hymn, "Panis Angelicus." The commencement of the Sanctus was proclaimed by the national Bell of St. Patrick, brought from the Royal Irish Museum. Before the Elevation of

the Host, Free State trumpeters sounded the general salute, and the guard of officers saluted with drawn swords. After the Mass, the Host was escorted in procession from Phoenix Park to the altar on O'Connell Bridge, in a special mobile dais (mounted on pneumatic-tyred wheels) within which the Papal Legate remained kneeling. Among those who walked beside it were Mr. de Valera, Mr. Cosgrave, Count McCormack, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., the Chief Justice and the Speaker of Dail Eireann.



# THE LONGEST DESERT MARCH EVER MADE IN ARABIA: MR. PHILBY'S GREAT 90 DAYS' JOURNEY OF 1800 MILES.



RUD LIFE IN THE RUD' AL KHALI, OR GREAT SOUTHERN DESERT OF ARABIA: A RAVEN'S NEST IN A LOW BUSH IN DESERT-PASTURES NEAR MAQAINAMA, REACHED ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE EXPEDITION.

MR. H. ST. JOHN PHILBY accomplished this year the longest journey (1800 miles) ever made in the Rub' al Khali, the Great Southern Desert of Arabia, as leader of a scientific expedition organized by the Wahabi King Ibn Saud. The party comprised 19 men and 32 camels. Mr. Philby started from Hufuf, near the Persian Gulf, on January 7, and the outward march was in a general southerly direction to Shanna, within 150 miles of the



THE LEADER JUST AFTER HIS CONQUEST OF THE GREAT WATERLESS REGION: MR. PHILBY (LEFT) WITH A MEMBER OF THE AJMAN TRIBES AT THE LAST CAMP BEFORE REACHING SULAYIL, IN A CORNER OF THE WADI DAWAH.

Arabian Sea. The homeward east-to-west crossing of the waterless desert, from Shanna to Sulayil (350 miles), was a pioneer adventure never attempted before. We give here, very much abridged, extracts from Mr. Philby's admirable articles published in the "Times." "At Jabrin (on January 21), we bade what was to prove a long farewell to the human race. . . . In three days we came to Maqainama, 70 miles south of Jabrin. Maqainama is a desert well, 171 ft. deep and clearly not the handiwork of modern Badawin. We marched east to Bir Fadhl, a group of three wells 145 ft. deep. As we marched, my attention was arrested by a white object, and for an hour we were collecting freshwater shells and flint implements of ancient man. I regarded our find as a clue to the great riddle of the sands—Wabar itself. Fourteen years before I had been told of its ruins and of a mysterious block of iron as large as a camel. I had noted on the map the positions. The legend represents the city as the capital of King 'Ad Ibn Kin'ad, whose city was destroyed by fire from heaven. When we arrived, I stood transfixed with amazement as I looked down into the twin craters, as it seemed, of a volcano: each encircled with low walls of scree, as of slag and lava. So that was Wabar, the city of legend! The desert had yielded up its secret. The search for the large block of iron failed, though (we found a fragment of metal.



WHERE "THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION KILLED THE FATTED CALF HAD FOUND THEIR WAY ACROSS THE 'EMPTY QUARTER'": THE 350 MILES OF



TO FEAST THE FOLK WHO, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HUMAN HISTORY, VILLAGE AND WELLS OF SULAYIL, REACHED AFTER CROSSING WATERLESS DESERT.



MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION ATTENDING TO THE FEET OF A CAMEL INJURED BY MARCHING OVER HARD STONY TRAILS OF DESERT, SUCH AS THE LAVA FIELD SHOWN IN ANOTHER OF THESE ILLUSTRATIONS: A TYPICAL SCENE IN CAMP.

It proves to be a meteorite, which has provided the clue to the craters of Wabar. These are not of volcanic origin, but were formed by the impact of a large meteorite. If we did not succeed in finding the ruined city, we have at any rate traced its legend to its source. We resumed our march on February 6. A fortnight later we were at Shanna. . . . (At) Nafis, my attention was arrested by a deep musical booming sound, which I recognised as the



A VAST EXpanse OF HOT, HARD VOLCANIC BOULDERS, WHICH HURT THE BISHA AND TURADA, TRAVERSED ON THE HOMEWARD MARCH



FEET OF THE SAND-BRED CAMELS: AN IMMENSE LAVA FIELD BETWEEN FROM SULAYIL TO MECCA AT THE END OF THE JOURNEY.



REMOVING THE ROOF OF RAFTERS AND SKINS PLACED OVER A DESERT WELL, AFTER USE, TO PROTECT IT FROM BEING CHOKE BY BLOWING SAND: A GROUP AT THE WELL OF BIR FADHL (145 FT. DEEP).

"singing sands." At Shanna, we decided on making our attempt on the great waterless desert between us and Sulayil, some 360 miles to the west. (After one ineffectual start) the weather conditions changed completely. Storm-clouds worked up, with thunder, lightning, and rain. A second attempt was agreed on. For the first three days all went well. On the sixth day we were in the midst of the waterless wilderness with no water nearer than about 200 miles. We looked out on an immense ocean, the gravel plain of Abu Bahr ("father of the sea"). . . . Around us lay the endless gravel, a flat, smooth expanse, a perfect speed-track, a perfect aerodrome, capable of accommodating all the air fleets of the world. We halted. We slept. And the storm clouds once more worked up over us from the west. The thing was done. Next day we marched 50 miles, but the conditions were very different. We found green stuff for the camels to browse on. Animal life, conspicuous by its absence from the 300 miles of desert we had left behind, began to reappear. On March 14 a bevy of women, gathering sticks, appeared from the bushes—to our initial alarm and subsequent rejoicing—to welcome us back to civilization, while the Mayor and Corporation of Sulayil were killing the fatted calf to feast the folk who, for the first time in human history, had found their way across the Empty Quarter."



THE TRUE NATURE OF A "LOST CITY" REVEALED: ONE OF THE METEORIC CRATERS AT OF THE ADITES, DESTROYED BY FIRE FROM HEAVEN AS A PUNISHMENT



WABAR, LONG BELIEVED BY THE ARABS TO BE THE RUINED CAPITAL OF A CERTAIN KING FOR HIS DEBAUCHERIES AND NEGLECT OF PROPHETIC WARNINGS.



THE ORIGIN OF THE LEGEND OF A GREAT CITY DESTROYED BY FIRE FROM HEAVEN AND BURIED IN THE DESERT SANDS: THE LARGER OF THE TWO GREAT METEORIC CRATERS AT WABAR, DISCOVERED BY MR. H. ST. JOHN PHILBY DURING HIS EXPEDITION IN THE ARABIAN DESERT—A VIEW SHOWING THE RUIN-LIKE EFFECTS OF THE SLAG CAUSED BY THE IMPACT OF THE METEORITE.



"A PERFECT SPEED-TRACK, A PERFECT AERODROME, CAPABLE OF ACCOMMODATING ALL THE AIR FLEETS OF THE WORLD": THE VAST GRAVEL PLAIN OF ABU BAHR ("FATHER OF THE SEA"), WITH EXHAUSTED CAMELS RESTING AMID AN UNTRIDDEN WILDERNESS, DEVOID OF WATER AND LIFE, 200 MILES LONG BY 30 MILES WIDE—THE CRITICAL PHASE OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT might be well to institute a publishing licence for authors, like the driving licence for motorists. I do not, of course, suggest any sort of Academy to dominate taste, erect stereotyped standards, and destroy originality. The idea is that no one should be allowed to publish without having "satisfied the examiners" in the elements of writing and book-making—such matters as syntax and punctuation, division into paragraphs, variation of page headings, indexing, cross references between illustrations and text, and various other essential details of editing and documentation that make all the difference to the reader's comfort and convenience.

Many modern books are deficient on these points, and the fact is emphasised by contrast when one comes across a shining exception, such as "THE NELSON COLLECTION AT LLOYD'S." A Description of the Nelson Relics and a Transcript of the Autograph Letters and Documents of Nelson and his Circle and of other Naval Papers of Nelson's Period. Edited by Warren R. Dawson, F.S.A.Scot., Honorary Librarian to the Corporation of Lloyd's. With twenty-one Plates (Printed at Lloyd's and published by Macmillan; 10s.). This volume (remarkably cheap, merely considering its size and style of production) is not only an important contribution to the greatest period of our naval history, but also a model of good editing, as near perfection as anything I have seen. It is worth while to note some of the author's methods and principles. "I have carefully transcribed every document," he writes, "with my own hand exactly as it was written. . . . I hold the opinion that to edit ancient documents in accordance with modern custom is to rob them of all the little mannerisms (often very distinctive and characteristic) of their writers and to deprive them of half their charm." Again, in printing manuscripts Mr. Dawson introduces an innovation that is a tacit rebuke to the customary arrogance of compilers. Instead of giving letters or extracts in smaller type than the text, he has reversed the process. "I consider the documents themselves," he says, "of far greater importance than my own comments upon them."

Stress is laid on the fact that these records are not confined to Nelson personally, but include also much interesting material relating to other officers and Admiralty officials, and to the general conditions of life in the Navy at that time. Students of the period owe Mr. Dawson a great debt of gratitude for his careful annotations, and his lucid presentment of the historical background, necessary to an understanding of allusions. Regarding all persons and ships mentioned he gives biographical notes, which (especially those about obscure names) represent an immense amount of laborious research and greatly add to the value of the work. The book shows, furthermore, how much was done by "the underwriters and merchants at Lloyd's Coffee House" (as it then was) to support and encourage the Navy and to assist the wounded and their relatives. Prominent in this cause was John Julius Angerstein, Chairman of Lloyd's from 1790 to 1796, and one of the founders of the Lifeboat Service. The chief naval document is the log-book of the frigate *Euryalus*, which contains an account of Trafalgar written by an eye-witness during the battle.

Some of the correspondence throws new light on the episode of Naples and Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton. In this matter Mr. Dawson is strictly impartial. "It is not the editor's object," he writes, "to revive the age-long controversy over Nelson's conduct or to rob his reputation of a single glint of its well-merited lustre. But historians, in their fixed purpose of making a divinity of a man, have overlooked his very human weaknesses. . . . It is a fallacy to assume, because Nelson's genius achieved, not only the great victories ever associated with his name, but the rejuvenation of the whole spirit of the navy, that he was incapable of error. The facts are quite otherwise." At the same time, the author gives more weight than many historians to Nelson's assertion that his victory of the Nile was made possible only by the assistance rendered to his fleet by Lady Hamilton.

Fights and adventures at sea, in regions unfamiliar to Nelson, go to the making of a picturesque book called "THE INDIAN OCEAN." By Stanley Rogers. Illustrated

by the Author (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Rogers, who has himself voyaged all over the globe, especially in wind-jammers, writes of the sea from first-hand knowledge; and his numerous drawings, especially those in two or three colours, make for brighter reading. He has already written a number of sea books, and the present one is the third of a trio dealing with the great oceans. "While it may be more of an entertainment than a text book," he says, "authenticity is not sacrificed. Great pains have been taken to verify the mass of facts between these covers, for what is the use of inaccurate information?" Mr. Rogers has collected his material from many sources—both past and present; ranging from the days of the early adventurers, all through the period of the East India Company, down to the time of the Great War and the depredations of the *Emden*.

From the Indian Ocean we now go ashore in the land from which it takes its name, to consider a subject of deep interest in these days, as set forth in "PURDAH," The Status of Indian Women. By Frieda Hauswirth (Mrs. Sarangadhar Das) (Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d.). The author's qualifications for writing on this much-discussed and controversial problem can be gathered from her own statement.

Swiss by birth, she studied at Leland Stanford University in California, and later went to India as the wife of a Hindu who had graduated there in agricultural industries. "In India," she writes, "by virtue of this unusual position, I had the chance of being for eight years in intimate contact with Indian family life. . . . In the welter of social and British-Indian problems and conflicts, it has been my endeavour to side not with

fully realise that the 'White Brahmin,' in actuality though not always in intention, has been the Indian woman's friend, the needed 'wholesome irritant'—a kindly, blue-eyed godfather!" Mrs. Das applauds the courage and endurance of Indian women as disciples of "Mahatma" Gandhi, their suffragette-like activities on behalf of the cause, and their alleged sufferings, on occasion, during encounters with the police. I do not notice any allusion, however, to their recent tendency to use revolvers, sometimes with fatal effect.

This latter by-product of so-called "non-violence" finds mention, however, in a work of high importance that shows in a very different light that splendid force charged with preserving law and order in India—namely, "THE INDIAN POLICE." By J. C. Curry. With Preface by Lord Lloyd, and a folding Map of India (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.). At the end of a chapter on Political Crime and Disorder, in the course of which it is recorded how, during the past two years, the heroic staunchness of the police "prevented India from falling into a bottomless pit of disaster and chaos," the author concludes with a short paragraph on feminine participation in terrorism. "The latest and most astonishing phase of the 'nationalist' movement in Bengal is the employment of women to murder British officials. How is it possible to fill gentle Indian women with such blind hatred? How are they induced to murder or attempt to murder a man like Sir Stanley Jackson? What, at this stage of Indian affairs, is the motive for working on young women to commit these crimes?" This rhetorical question is left unanswered, but the facts remain.

Mr. Curry writes with the restraint that befits the serious historian, but he cannot banish from his pages the underlying sense of romance. He is, indeed, conscious of it himself, for, in recording one example of Indian fraud, he remarks: "Stevenson might have written a companion story to *The Wrong Box* if he had heard of the clever carpenter, the unfortunate friend and the wicked babu." Romance apart, the book is one of the indispensables for all who would understand the position in India and how it has arisen, and especially for the statesmen responsible for her destinies. "Here," says Lord Lloyd, "they may find the true picture of the men who for years past have been the objects of obloquy, of insidious attempts at corruption, of social ostracism, of physical violence and assassination, and who, through it all, in spite of the discomforts and dangers, have stood firm by their duty. . . . To the self-governing India of the future, the Indian Police Force is not the least of the gifts which Britain has to offer."



THE BICENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF FRAGONARD CELEBRATED AT GRASSE: "THE MARQUISE DE CABRIS AND HER LADIES OF HONOUR AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE."

partisans, but only with truth, as I saw it. This truth I tried to express in my former book, *A Marriage to India*, as well as in the present one. *Leap - Home and Gentlebrawn*, a series of linked tales to appear in the autumn, will, beneath their superstructure of fiction, also be based on this foundation of actuality and experience."

Mrs. Das wields a trenchant pen, and describes vividly the life and aspirations of Indian womanhood. Incidentally, she criticises very strongly that much-discussed book, "Mother India," contrasting its author's work with that of Miss Margaret Noble, who (as "Sister Nivedita") lived in the slums of Calcutta to share the life of simple Indians, discarding Western dress and adopting Bengali speech and Indian food. "Yet in ultimate analysis," we read, "the work of both is of inestimable and possibly equal value to India. Then why the difference?—Because in Margaret Noble's heart there glowed true Christian love; in Katherine Mayo's hand there gleamed the sword of Puritan righteousness and intolerance."

Despite the author's disclaimer, I am bound to add that I gather an impression of partiality in her tone regarding the Gandhi movement and references to "the foreign raj," the "alien hand," and "the conqueror from without." At the same time, she rejoices that the British administrator is "exerting all his efforts towards evolving an Indian Constitution, that full Indianization is in sight." She goes on to admit that future generations "will probably



THE BICENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF FRAGONARD CELEBRATED AT GRASSE: "FRAGONARD" (FACING CAMERA, CENTRE) WITH "PIERRE-JACQUES BERGERET" AND "MME. FRAGONARD" ON HIS LEFT.

The bicentenary of Fragonard, who was born at Grasse in 1732, was appropriately celebrated at his birthplace the other day. In an elaborate historical reconstruction the painter, his friends and associates, were represented by prominent citizens.

7s. 6d.); and "LAST DAYS OF THE GERMAN FLEET." By Ludwig Freiwald. Translated by Martin Moore. With Introduction by Hector C. Bywater (Constable; 7s. 6d.). Reminiscences of a ship's engineer, in war and peace, are told, with vivacity and humour, in "ADVENTURES OF AN OBSCURE VICTORIAN." By W. G. Riddell (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). The "last enchantments" of the Age of Sail are presented in "THE SEA IN SHIPS." The Story of a Sailing Ship's Voyage Round Cape Horn. By Alan J. Villiers. With 112 Photographs by the Author (Routledge; 7s. 6d.). Finally, a cricketing parson, who left a quiet home living at the call of missionary duty, relates his experiences, afloat and ashore, in "THE WAKE OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS." Work and Adventures in the South Seas. By Cecil Wilson, D.D. Bishop of Bunbury; sometime Bishop of Melanesia. Illustrated (Murray; 10s. 6d.). Gilbert's diverting ballad concerning "Bishop Q. of Wangaloo," does not exhaust the vicissitudes of a Colonial prelacy. Here are the realities—the serious side—but by no means devoid of humour.—C. E. B.



# THE BEAUTY OF THE BRITISH CHILD: LITTLE DANCERS FOR CHARITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARCUS ADAMS.



JOAN, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. BIRDWOOD TAYLOR, AS PAN, IN THE BALLET "IN A GARDEN."



GILLIAN, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. OWEN HOWELL, AS TOM, IN THE "WATER BABIES" NUMBER.



SONIA, DAUGHTER OF DR. AND MRS. GRAHAM HODGSON, AS FRIDAY'S CHILD IN "THE DAYS OF THE WEEK."



CUCKOO, DAUGHTER OF MRS. L. M. BEVAN, AS A WATER BABY.



LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE, AS A COON.



ELISABETH, DAUGHTER OF SIR GUY AND LADY MONCREIFFE; LADY ROSE PAGET, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY; THE HON. PATRICIA WHITE, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY ANNALY; DIANA, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. PIERS LEGH; AND WINIFRED, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. ALEXANDER HARDINGE. (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.)

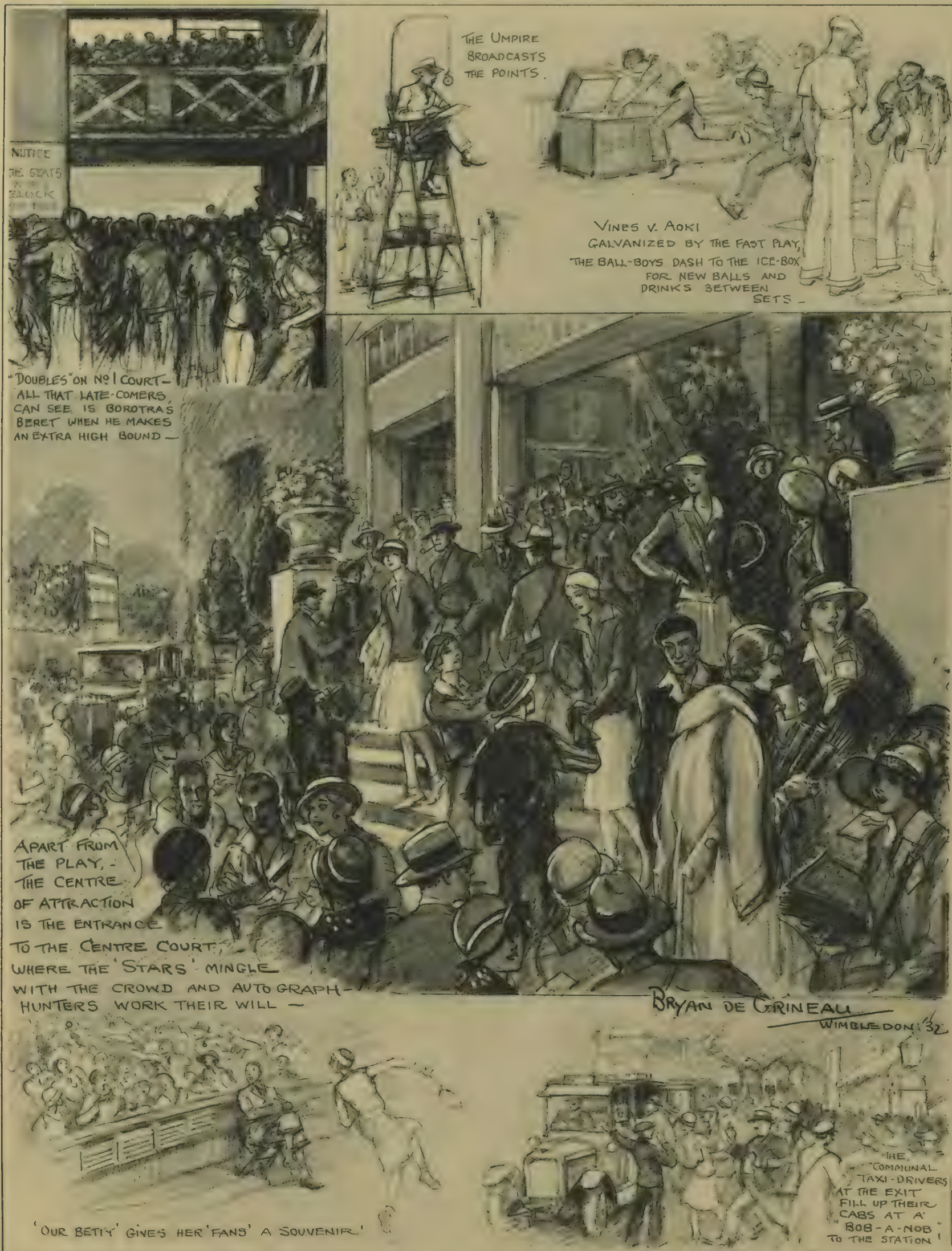
Nothing could better illustrate the great attractiveness and beauty of British children than the photographs reproduced here, the quaint and attractive dresses adding to the little performers' charm. The photographs were taken during rehearsals for the Children's Dancing Matinée arranged by Miss Vacani in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. The matinée is to take place at the London Hippodrome on July 4, and her Royal Highness the Princess Royal has graciously promised to attend. The programme consists of twenty-one scenes. Those which are not illustrated here include a little quick-step in which the Countess of Dalkeith's daughter, Lady Caroline Scott, aged four, will take part

with the Duchess of Northumberland's son, Lord Geoffrey Percy; a dance called "The Huntress," by the Hon. Grania Guinness; and "The Waterfall," a dance by Lady Dunbar of Durn's daughter, Marjorie. In honour of the Lewis Carroll centenary, Miss Vacani is producing "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" as a ballet. In that number, the Marchioness of Anglesey's daughter, Lady Rose Paget, Lady Morvyth Benson's two daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh's daughter, and the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour's daughter are to be flowers, and the Hon. Mrs. McLaren's daughter is to be an oyster. The enthusiasm and grace of the children who are dancing should help to make a notable and picturesque performance.



## THE "HAJJ" TO THE LAWN TENNIS MECCA: WIMBLEDON SKETCHES.

SKETCHES MADE AT WIMBLEDON BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



## THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AS OUR ARTIST SEES IT: CHARACTERISTIC SCENES ON AND ABOUT THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWNS.

This year's Lawn Tennis fortnight on the lawns of the All-England Club at Wimbledon has proved an even greater attraction than usual: witness the "gate" even on the first day, when, of course, the play had not the dramatic interest that has focussed almost universal attention on the contests fought since. On the "first Saturday" the attendance broke all records—and this, doubtless, was due in part to the visit of the King and Queen, and in

part to the brilliant sunshine. We here present to our readers a series of characteristic scenes observed at Wimbledon by our Special Artist. With regard to one of them, it may be remarked that those of our readers who have not been fortunate enough to visit the All-England Club should be told that taxis at the gate each take five passengers to the station at a shilling a head, packing them in together—five total strangers may be—as in a 'bus!



# THE WORLD'S GREATEST LAWN TENNIS MEETING: WIMBLEDON PLAYERS AND INCIDENTS.



MISS KATHARINE STAMMERS, WHO MADE HER DÉBUT ON THE CENTRE COURT AND BEAT Mlle. PAYOT (SWITZERLAND).



MISS MARY HEELEY (GREAT BRITAIN) STOOPS TO CONQUER DURING HER MATCH WITH THE BRITISH SEEDED PLAYER, MRS. E. O. FEARLEY WHITTINGSTALL, WHOM SHE BEAT: 3-6, 6-4, 6-0.



MISS HELEN JACOBS, A SEEDED U.S.A. PLAYER, WHO ENTERED THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND BY BEATING FRÄULEIN H. KRAHWINKEL (GERMANY).



SPECTATORS IN THE CENTRE COURT SEATS RISE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN: A FEW OF THOSE WHO SAW THE DEFEAT OF THE POPULAR FRENCH PLAYER, JEAN BOROTRA, BY E. MAIER, OF SPAIN,



THE ELATED MAIER JUMPS THE NET IN HIS EAGERNESS TO SHAKE HANDS WITH BOROTRA AFTER BEATING HIM: 6-3, 6-3, 2-6, 6-2.



MME. MATHIEU, OF FRANCE (LEFT), SHAKING HANDS WITH MISS BETTY NUTHALL AFTER BEATING HER DECISIVELY: 6-0, 6-3.



THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL THE WOMEN PLAYERS: MRS. F. S. MOODY (MISS HELEN WILLS), U.S.A., IN ACTION WHEN SHE BEAT MISS D. E. ROUND, A SEEDED BRITISH PLAYER.

Needless to say, every day's play at Wimbledon has yielded its "sensation," even if only a newspaper sensation. Here we give photographs of some typical players and incidents. With regard to Miss Stammers, it should be said that considerable interest has been taken in her progress. In the earlier stages of the meeting she beat Mrs. L. A. Harper, the third U.S.A. Wightman Cup player, and, later, making her début on the Centre Court, she beat Mlle. Payot. After

that, she was beaten in her turn by Miss Mary Heeley. A match of very great moment was that between Borotra and Maier. This took place on the "first Saturday"; was witnessed by some 12,000 people, who packed the Centre Court; and was played in the presence of the King and Queen, who entered the Royal Box after the match had begun. As their Majesties came in, Borotra and Maier stood at attention on the court; and, of course, the spectators rose.



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**MR. CAMPBELL DODGSON, C.B.E.**  
Mr. Campbell Dodgson's retirement from the post of Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum is announced for next August. He has held the post for twenty years.

**THE LATE MR. J. B. ASPINALL, CITY REMEMBRANCER, 1927-1932.**  
The City Remembrancer since 1927. Died June 21; aged fifty-four. Was instrumental in securing agreement between the City and the L.C.C. on the Town and Country Planning Bill.

**GENE SARAZEN.**  
Gene Sarazen, who had won the Open Golf Championship at Prince's earlier in June, carried off the United States Open Championship at Flushing, Long Island, on the 25th of that month scoring 286 for 72 holes.

**MR. ROBERTSON F. GIBB.**  
Mr. Robertson F. Gibb is a director and senior joint manager of the Union Castle Steam Navigation Co., whose service forms one of the vital links of the Empire. He was elected Chairman of the Board on June 16.

**LIEUT.-COLONEL GRANT MORDEN.**  
Died on June 25; aged fifty-one. Conservative M.P. for Brentford and Chiswick, 1918-31. Founder of the British Commonwealth Union; Vice-President of the Navy League; Chairman of the Canadian Association.



**SIR GILBERT GARNSEY.**  
The famous chartered accountant, who died on June 27; aged forty-nine. He was a partner in Price, Waterhouse and Co. He was famous as a "business doctor"; and also as an expert witness in cases involving finance. He served on numerous committees. He was the author of "Holding Companies and Their Published Accounts."



**THE "LITTLE WAR" IN KURDISTAN: SHEIKH AHMED OF BARZAN, WHO SURRENDERED RECENTLY.**

The "little war" in Kurdistan has been brought to a successful conclusion, and Sheikh Ahmed of Barzan is reported to have surrendered to the Turks. His defeat was due in part to the operations of the R.A.F., which were illustrated by us in our last week's issue. Sheikh Ahmed is seen here with an R.A.F. aeroplane during a parley.



**MR. H. ST. JOHN PHILBY: THE FAMOUS ARABIAN EXPLORER, WHOSE "FINDS" ARE ILLUSTRATED IN THIS NUMBER.**

Mr. Philby's remarkable journeys of exploration in the Rub' al Khali Desert of Arabia are the subject of a double-page of illustrations in this number. After serving in several capacities in the I.C.S., Mr. Philby went to Mesopotamia as Political Officer in 1915. He is the author of "The Heart of Arabia," among other works.



**LORD KILBRACKEN.**  
Lord Kilbracken, the distinguished Civil servant and friend of Gladstone, died on June 27; aged eighty-five. He first became Gladstone's private secretary in 1872, and on Gladstone's final retirement became a Commissioner of Inland Revenue. He was Permanent Under-Secretary for India from 1883 to 1909.



**THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE MILNER HOME FOR NEURASTHENICS AT LEATHERHEAD.**

The Duke and Duchess of York visited the Sir Frederick Milner Home for neurasthenics at Leatherhead on June 27, when the Duchess accepted on behalf of the Home a cheque for £100 from the Marchioness of Carisbrooke (with whom their Royal Highnesses are here seen)—the result of a broadcast appeal made by the Marchioness. The Duchess visited one of the men's cottages.



**THE QUEEN OF SIAM.**

The recent constitutional changes in Siam will be found briefly described under a page of extremely interesting photographs in this number, which includes portraits of some of the personalities involved. A portrait of the King appears on page 14. The Queen is reported to have returned to Bangkok with his Majesty.



**SLATIN PASHA IN LONDON: THE FAMOUS LIEUTENANT OF GENERAL GORDON, WITH HIS DAUGHTER.**

Baron Rudolf Slatin, better known as Slatin Pasha, who had the honour of lunching with the King and Queen on June 24, made his name famous as the friend and lieutenant of Gordon in the Sudan. He was born in Vienna. While in the Sudan, he was compelled to surrender to the fanatical Mahdi, and became his slave. Slatin Pasha is seen here with his daughter, the Baroness Anna-Marie.





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Bridlington. A harbour, crowded with scudding craft. An immense playground of flat sands. A giant ballroom. Colossal appetite at every meal. Massed merriment day in, night out. A fortnight flashes by.

Whitby. An old town and a new. With an historic harbour in between and the Yorkshire Moors as a background. They used to bring quantities of whales and seals in here. Captain Cook used to sail from here, adventuring for England. And gay Robin Hood used to creep in here at night and amuse the Abbey monks with displays of archery. Its stones are steeped in history.

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## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

## ELIZABETHAN NEEDLEWORK.

By FRANK DAVIS.



I WAS able to illustrate on March 19 examples of Stuart needlework from the famous collection of Sir Frederick Richmond, Bt., and now propose to deal with the previous century. Women and other sentimentalists—that is, all women and all men—will find it impossible to resist the charm of the two little caps of Fig. 3. That on the right, stitched in various colours, was once worn by a woman of the seventeenth century; the left-hand example, rather more severe both in cut and decoration, is Elizabethan. It was a becoming and simple fashion, well calculated to enhance a pretty and soften a plain face. Both have that indefinable character we loosely call "style": is it fanciful to see in the pretty convolutions of the later example traces of a certain finicky elaboration which was destined to dominate all fashions about a hundred years later? This may be nonsense, but it is certain that the sixteenth-century cap is a thing of more robust and easier flowing lines. On the whole,

that one simple means of brightening a room was not at the disposal of our sixteenth-century ancestors. Perhaps the nobility might have patronised Holbein, and various rather enigmatic figures of the type of Stretes and Gheerhaerds were actively engaged in painting portraits, but it is fairly safe to assume that the average comfortable home contained not more than two or three pictures. Decoration, therefore, depended very largely upon textiles, and velvets and tapestries and hangings of every description afforded the most satisfactory means of obtaining the necessary contrast. It is the dearth of native painters as much as anything else which accounts for the enthusiasm of the English for needlework pictures, of which Fig. 2 is a most unusual example, of particular interest because it shows the agricultural



I. A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY NEEDLEWORK: A COMPACT, BUT NOT MONOTONOUS, PATTERN OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS IN BLACK ON A LIGHT GROUND; WORK FORMERLY IN THE ABINGDON COLLECTION.

implements of the time. (When, by the way, was the flail last in common use in this country? It is still in use on small farms across the Channel, but I doubt if many agricultural workers here would find it an easy matter to recapture the effortless rhythmical swing it demands. It is to be seen in the centre of the bundle.) This is in "petit point," or tent-stitch, which can be

period as a tapestry, just as a modern petit-point chair cover is often loosely called a tapestry cover.

Another circumstance it is important to remember, if we wish to recapture something of the aspect of a great house immediately after the Dissolution of the Monasteries, is described by Heylin in the following oft-quoted words: "Many private men's parlours were hung with copes, instead of carpets and coverlids . . . it was a sorry house and not worth the naming which had not somewhat of this furniture in it, though it were only a fair large cushion made of a cope or altar-cloth to adorn the windows" (that is, no doubt, the window seats) "or to make their chairs appear to have somewhat in them of a chair of state." None the less, the pleasures of stealing from the Church seem to have done nothing to check feminine enthusiasm for needlework, but merely diverted that enthusiasm from religious into secular channels. At the same time the greed and zeal of the reformers destroyed innumerable vestments for the sake of the gold thread they contained. What these pre-Dissolution chasubles and altar-frontals were like can be seen very well at the Victoria and Albert Museum, notably in

an early sixteenth-century chasuble embroidered in gilt thread and coloured silks on a dark-blue velvet ground, powdered with roses and the most lovable six-winged angels; and in such a fine thing as the pall on loan from Dunstable, the central panel of which is fifteenth-century Florentine velvet, but the ends and sides covered with English embroidery—St. John the Baptist and two groups of beautifully drawn people.

Fig. 1 is perhaps as good and typical an example of sixteenth-century secular decoration as it is possible to find—crowded and compact, sufficiently close to nature in details to be truthful, yet sufficiently far off to be amusing. This is in black upon a white ground, and was formerly in the Abingdon Collection.



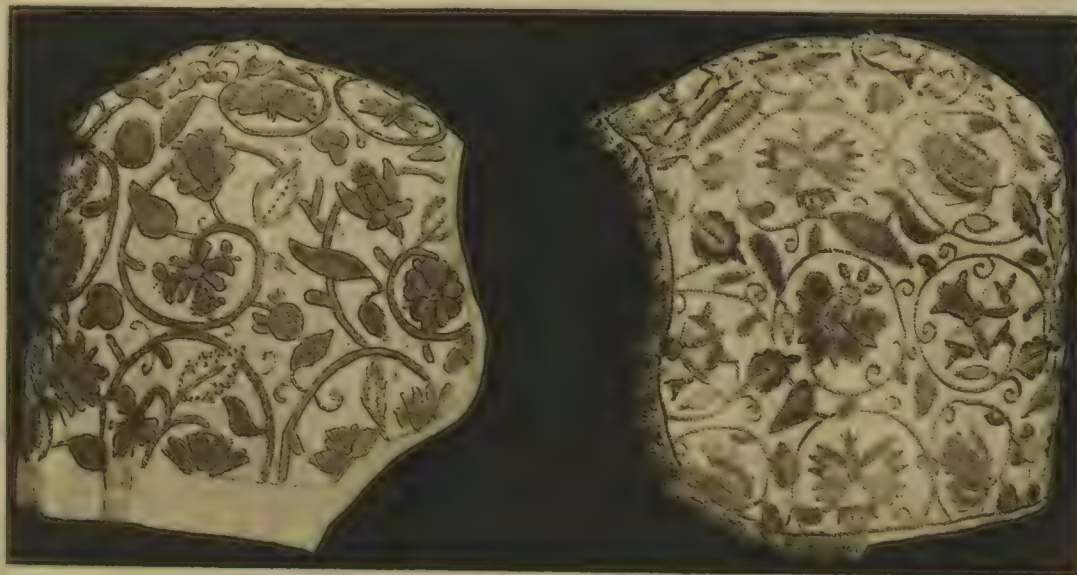
2. A COUNTRY SCENE IN PETIT POINT, OR TENT STITCH: A CHARMING PIECE OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY NEEDLEWORK WHICH IS OF PARTICULAR INTEREST AS SHOWING THE ORDINARY FARM IMPLEMENTS OF THE DAY IN GREAT DETAIL. (20 IN. BY 16 IN.)

The reader will be able to distinguish spade, scythe, fork, rake, flail, and what is apparently an adze, on the backs of the patient animals; together with some old-fashioned tools that are not so easily recognisable to our eyes.

it is fair to say that the English needlewoman of the hundred years between 1550 and 1650 had very little sense of formal design: it is just this that makes her work so attractive, for she would cover large areas with a crowded but bold freehand pattern of flowers and stems and fruit, and only rarely made the mistake of cutting up the space at her disposal into isolated patches having no relation to the rest of her picture. That fault—if fault it is—came later, when pattern books were broadcast, and stock designs of details were laid down with little or no relation to one another.

Perhaps it would be as well to point out here how sombre was the average Tudor interior. In one sense oak panelling was a great advance upon bare plaster, but it did not make for light. In addition, paintings were neither greatly appreciated nor often seen, so

said to have come into popularity under Elizabeth. Such a thing would be referred to in inventories of the



3. DELIGHTFUL ENGLISHWOMEN'S CAPS FROM THE COLLECTION OF SIR FREDERICK RICHMOND: AN ELIZABETHAN EXAMPLE IN BLACK ON A LIGHT BACKGROUND (LEFT); AND ONE OF THE STUART PERIOD, EMBROIDERED IN COLOURS.





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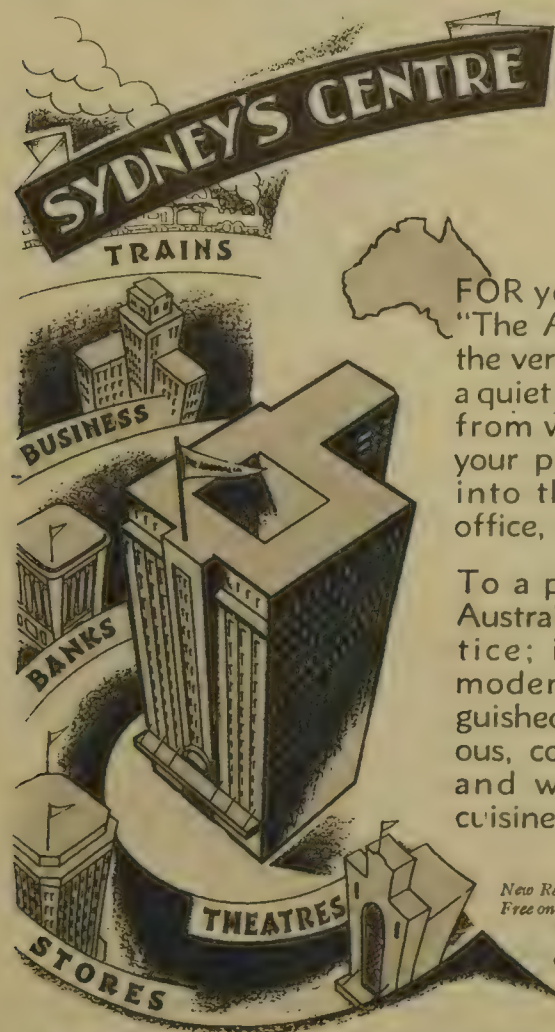
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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### A FESTIVAL AT ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR.

THE festival of old and modern English music arranged by Sir Walford Davies at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is the first of the kind that has ever been given in that famous place. It lasted from Tuesday, June 21, to Thursday, June 23, and added much to the attractions of Windsor as a charming spot sufficiently near London for an afternoon visit. It is to be hoped that this practice of giving short festivals of music at centres outside London during the summer will grow. The Germans have for many years now attracted thousands of foreign visitors, as well as far greater numbers of their own people, to their annual music festivals at Salzburg, Munich, Vienna, and Cologne, not to mention Bayreuth. Large numbers of visitors come to England from the Dominions and Colonies during the summer, and, apart from a possible opera season and a season of ballet, they find that all music has stopped here. One official on leave from Palestine, whom I met at dinner this week, asked me why there were no orchestral concerts now, and I had to tell him that it was the custom for concerts to cease about the end of April. This year, owing to the exceptionally short season of the opera at Covent Garden, the gap is more than usually conspicuous. It is, therefore, much to be hoped that the recent festivals at Canterbury and Windsor will be continued and developed.

### ELIZABETHAN MUSIC.

The most attractive part of the first day's programme at St. George's, Windsor, was the unaccompanied choral music. A beautiful Christmas Anthem by William Byrd was even surpassed by a Lenten Anthem, "Called to Remembrance," by R. Farrant (1564(?) - 1585), which was unknown to me. The singing of the boys and men of St. George's Chapel choir is apt to sound rather tentative and subdued to anyone more used to secular than ecclesiastical singing. I cannot believe, however, that this subdued timidity represents the way this music was sung in Elizabethan times. I think it is of purely nineteenth-century origin, when a sort of hush-hush "church" atmosphere was created. The singing

showed little sign of vitality or robustness until Weekes's fine Palm Sunday anthem, "Hosanna to the Son of David." This it was hardly possible even for a Royal Chapel choir to sing with subdued decorum without running the risk of making it sound ludicrous. Here, for the first time, the boys particularly were allowed to let themselves go, and the result was excellent.

### TOO MUCH DECORUM.

The trouble with this first festival at St. George's was that it was conducted in an ecclesiastical and not in a musical spirit. It was only with great difficulty, and after a long time, that this defect was got rid of in the famous "Three Choirs Festival." But that annual festival is now treated, on the whole, as a musical festival and not as part of the ritual of the Church. I would suggest to Sir Walford Davies and the Dean of Windsor that it is impossible to combine a musical festival with a ritual festival. If the manners of the time and the convention of the age require a certain type of external decorum and *meiosis* in the performance of the Church ritual—so utterly unlike the full-blooded and robust methods of the Elizabethan Church—the musicians employed in the service must supply what is wanted. But when a musical festival is being held the music should take the first and (personally, I would add) the only place. Otherwise such a festival cannot be a success from a musical point of view, nor will it even attract a large and appreciative audience.

### "GISELLE" AT THE SAVOY.

In many respects, "Giselle," produced this week at the Savoy Theatre, is the most attractive ballet which the Camargo Society has so far given us. It is the perfect example of French romanticism of the age of Gautier, who, incidentally, planned the scenario. It was first produced in Paris in the year 1841 with the famous Carlotta Grisi as Giselle. Gautier founded his scenario on an idea of Heinrich Heine's, and the choreography was by Coralli. The present generation is lucky in being able to see so accomplished a dancer as Olga Spessiva in the name-part, because Spessiva is one of the last dancers to have come out of the famous Imperial School of Ballet at St. Petersburg, where the classical tradition of dancing was still understood and thoroughly taught. We are

now far enough removed from the period to be able to enjoy and appreciate the exquisite romantic sentiment of this delightful ballet. Spessiva is superb, and she was ably partnered by Anton Dolin. The choreography is extremely clever and convincing, and the final scene very touching. The music by Adolphe Adam (1803-1856) is in perfect keeping with the scenario, and was well conducted by Constant Lambert. Altogether "Giselle" is a most satisfying and lovely piece of work, which nobody who enjoys a good ballet should miss.—W. J. TURNER.

### "FANFARE," AT THE PRINCE EDWARD.

THE first entry of Miss Violet Loraine was the signal for a storm of applause, and it may be said that the enthusiasm of the audience never slackened as far as she was concerned. In one number, "Dreams That Don't Grow Old," she received so many encores that at last, in mock desperation, she sang "If You Were the Only Girl in the World" to a hushed house. At least, an almost hushed house, for from the gallery came the sound of many voices, softly, almost reverently, humming the famous refrain. "Fanfare" is presumed to be the name of an illustrated monthly, so that the revue changes from an editorial room to an illustrated page on Spanish life, with some most effective colouring and dancing, a Circus scene, with a jolly Zebra Ballet, or a page of fantasy, "The Nightingale and the Rose." It is for its colour this revue will be most appreciated, for though the music is tuneful enough in its jazzy way, there is nothing memorable about it. There are some amusing enough sketches, but the management have relied for the mirthful moments on a Mr. Joe Cook, an American comedian reputed to receive £600 a week. Unfortunately, Mr. Cook did not prove greatly to the taste of the audience. His mock acrobatic scene has been done, and much better, by our own Mr. Robert Hale. His use of "props," too, will only amuse the simple-minded who are always ready to laugh at the spectacle of six men hauling at a huge cable to which a toy dog is eventually found to be attached. "June" danced as blithely as ever, and had one neat song, "By Special Permission of the Copyright Owners." Miss Joyce Barbour was excellent as the proprietor of the magazine, and Mr. Bernard Clifton's pleasant manner and agreeable voice suited him for the rôle of the hero.

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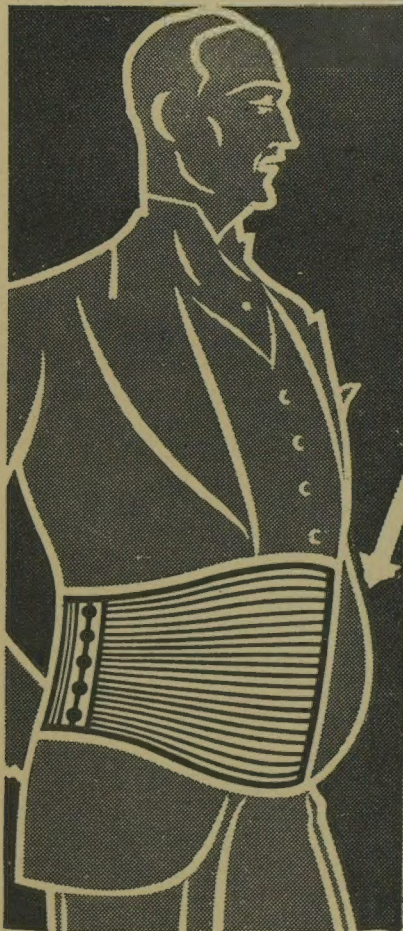
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

MOTOR carriage owners in Great Britain are being given this year many pleasant opportunities to display their cars in various "beauty shows" at seaside holiday resorts. Thus motoring visitors to Yorkshire can take part in the Scarborough Rally and Concours d'Élégance which takes place on Sunday, July 10, the finishing control being on the Royal Albert Drive. The starting-places to the Rally are Bristol, Winchester, Birmingham, Barnet (for Londoners), Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Manchester, and Stamford. The Rally is open to any type of four-wheeled private vehicle, and the cars are divided into classes according to annual tax and mileage speed. In the under £10 annual tax the average set speed to be travelled to the Rally finishing line is twenty-two miles an hour, and over £10 annual tax twenty-five miles per hour. There are four classes in the Concours d'Élégance competition. Scarborough usually has very fine weather at this time of year, and is not too crowded with trippers, while the moors about the town towards Robin Hood's Bay are in their loveliest condition for picnicking. One never can be dull at this seaside town, as there is always plenty of amusement, as varied as the taste of its visitors.

### Car Mart Golf Day.

Major Grigg and his fellow directors of that well-known motor-distributing organisation called the Car Mart, Ltd., held their annual gathering of the leaders of the motoring world at Wentworth Park, at which they entertained no fewer than 315 guests, out of which 204 played on the three golf-courses for various prizes given by the hosts. As an annual visitor myself, I can testify to the pleasure afforded at such gatherings by the opportunity that so many different interests get there to meet each other on the common ground of sport. It also becomes a regular motor show, and on this occasion there were over two hundred cars parked in the grounds, including the new vee-eight-cylinder Ford saloon, brought there by a visitor from America. In fact, I am sure every known make of car was represented, with the latest and most up-to-date coachwork designs, from Rolls-Royce to "Baby" Austins. Motorists from all parts of the world were included in the guests, besides those from distant cities such

as Belfast and Glasgow. The weather was very kind also, and the day was ideal for golf—very little wind, and fine visibility all day long. Capt. Bowman and the staff of officials are to be congratulated upon the detailed arrangements for everybody's comfort, and the hospitality was overwhelming. Although golf was the principal topic that day, it was natural that motors were discussed in such an assembly. One of my friends related his experience of the Standard "Big Nine" which he is driving, at present having well exceeded the 10,000 miles since I met him at Wentworth last year. I know that every motorist is inclined to brag a little about his own car, but my friend is rather of a statistical turn of mind, so I gathered some figures from him which may be useful to other motorists. Thus on long journeys on main roads, it is not at all difficult to average a speed of forty miles an hour on the Standard "Big Nine," with a petrol consumption of thirty miles to the gallon. Moreover, the maximum speed of this car is not more than about fifty-two miles an hour, yet that forty miles per hour average can be maintained if desired. But, while the fuel consumption is not much affected by the speed, that of the oil tells the story that one cannot use high heat units to develop power without paying for it in some form or other. Under normal touring conditions of about thirty to thirty-five miles per hour, the oil consumption is about 1600 miles per gallon. When, however, the car is driven as fast as is possible to put up a high average speed, the oil consumption is equal to about 500 miles per gallon; or about three times as much oil is used at maximum speeds as that consumed at ordinary travelling pace. Its owner has nought but praise for this Standard "Big Nine," and certainly my experience as his passenger was equally pleasant, as the car sits well on the road and never jibs at hard work, of which it gets plenty.

### New Ford Eight-Cylinder.

Although the vee-eight-cylinder Ford car in which I had a run was brought to England from the U.S.A. with a left-hand drive, Sir Percival Perry told me that he hoped to produce these eight-cylinder cars from Dagenham with Canadian-manufactured engines about September. He said that arrangements had been concluded with the Canadian factory to take the English-built 8-h.p. Ford cars, and that the Dagenham Works would buy the vee-type eight-cylinder engines (only) from the Canadian Ford Company in exchange, as it was unlikely that the

demand for £30 tax-paying cars would be in any large quantities—as Ford's understand that term—in Great Britain for a few years. I am not altogether agreeing with that idea since I have had a run on the car, as I fancy that this light yet very fast vehicle is admirably suited for police work; so that, while it may be some time before they sell 20,000 eight-cylinder Fords in England per annum, the price for the coupé at £255, with a speed of about eighty miles an hour as a maximum, and an acceleration from rest to sixty miles an hour in 17 sec., or even less, will appeal to a very wide field of owners. Gear-changing is very easy with its synchro-mesh gears, so that any novice can handle the car without difficulty. The steering is light and the fuel consumption 16 to 18 miles per gallon, according to how fast the car is driven. The higher the speed the greater the fuel consumption, which is plain "horse sense" to the engineering mind. Its top-gear performance is delightful, especially as the acceleration is so good that the driver can cruise in crowded thoroughfares in comfort where other cars are in difficulty.

Mr. J. B. Priestley's new novel, "Faraway," is not only exceedingly entertaining, as his books always are, but embodies much that is instructive to most of us about the importance and difficulties of obtaining radium. Radium, as everyone knows, has rejuvenating properties, and the excellent effect of radio-activity on the human constitution is proved. The latest discovery about it is the interesting fact that the skin and complexion also react to the benign influence of radio-activity. The difficulty of imprisoning the radio-active properties in a face cream appears to have been overcome, and the results have amply fulfilled the makers' hopes. The cream is rubbed gently into the skin at night and allowed to soak into the pores, so that, while you are asleep, the radio-active properties may renew and stimulate the tissues, muscles, and nerves. No alcoholic perfume is used in the cream, and the most sensitive skin need not fear irritation. Perhaps the most surprising thing about this new cream is the price, as it costs only 6s. 6d. a jar. There is a companion day cream containing similar properties. The cream has been christened "Peradiac," and is obtainable direct from the makers at 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. Another excellent point about "Peradiac" is that it is made in this country.

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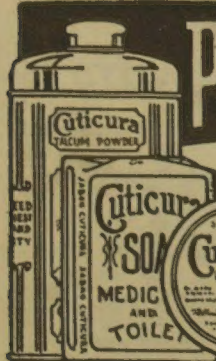
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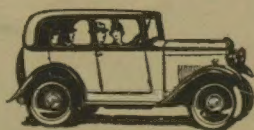
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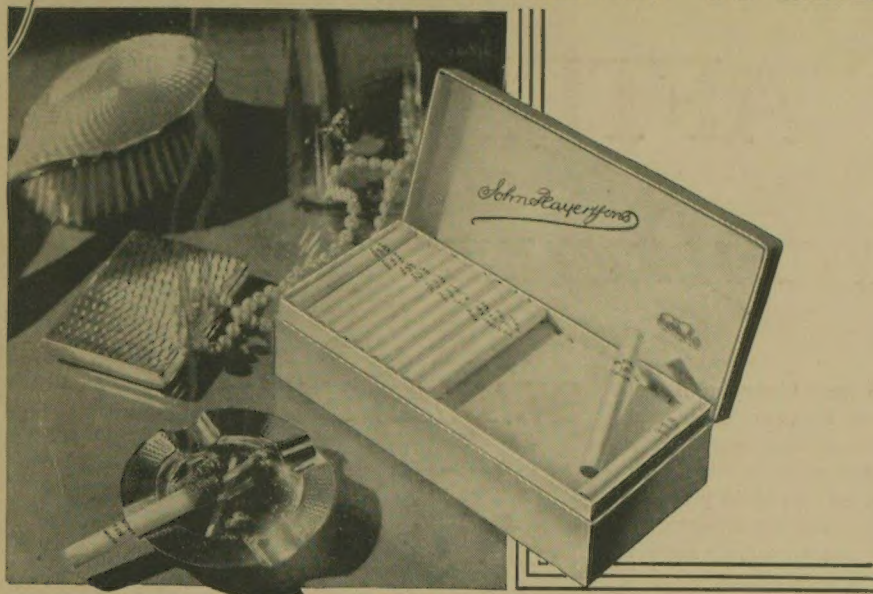


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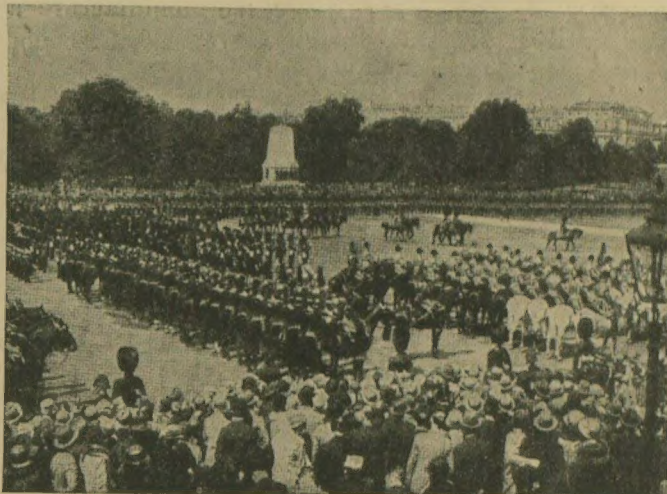
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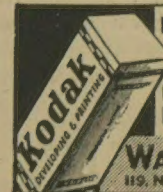
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# ON A WARM AFTERNOON

You'll enjoy this

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

'Within the precincts of St. James's is a little street called Petty France that is well known to Americans who do not die in Paris. On fine mornings when the stock markets look good and the family wants to convert travel cheques into heirlooms, Pa and Ma walk down there to buy Queen Anne furniture and the silver of the early Georges.

It was for this reason amongst others that Serena Merriman selected that nondescript byway as the ideal situation for her Hot Dog café. Being an American herself, she knew a hot dog when she saw one, and appreciated its sentimental appeal to compatriots far from home highways where those golden brown rolls of mystery mingle their appetising perfume with that of gasoline. The idea was partly Serena's and partly that of her English cousin Gerry. As becomes a guardsman who has to maintain honour and glory at his own expense, Gerry knew a thing or two about trading in what is called the West End of London.

'So what you've got to do, young Serena,' he advised, 'is to start a business where you can sit in the parlour and listen to the tinkle of the cash register. How much money have you got?'

'Fifteen hundred dollars — when I've paid my account at Grosvenor House. Then I have a whole wad of debts. I've been frightfully expensive to myself.'

'Forget them until you have something to pay 'em with' said Gerry.

So Serena spent her dollars in advance rent and fitting out the shop with oak benches and tables, a sanded floor, and all the other appurtenances of an old English chop house, including a little home for herself in the two rooms above.

"Little is known of the early history of Balliol garden. By the statutes of 1507 herbs and vegetables were to be grown, and apparently a small plot of ground was allotted with each private chamber. As a good deal of the property of Balliol in the thirteenth century consisted of tenement houses, their gardens probably formed the different allotments. The old Master's garden of Balliol is now covered with buildings, but in Loggan it is shown as a small formal plot, with fruit trees trained against the enclosing walls. The chief feature of Balliol garden to-day are the chestnut trees. How amazed the Lady Devorguilla (the foundress of Balliol) would be could she see the beauty of these countless candelabra of flowers in bloom, for horse-chestnuts, which are natives of Thibet, were unknown in this country till the sixteenth century. Still greater, perhaps, would be her delight in the tulips, which every year light up the sombre dignity of the Fellows' garden in Eights week.

Of the early gardens belonging to University College we know the beautiful wall built in the classical style in the Radcliffe quad. It is best seen from the doorway on the High Street. In the Fellows' garden there is a tulip tree (nearly as large as the one at Wadham), a lovely spectacle from the High Street in autumn, when the leaves are green-gold. In the Master's garden the most conspicuous feature is the beautiful 300-year-old mulberry tree. Near it is a carefully protected little slip grown from 'Milton's mulberry' in the garden of Christ Church, Cambridge." . . . A delightful article "OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS," by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde.

This beautiful signed portrait of JANET GAYNOR GIVEN AWAY with the July Issue



*No other Magazine in the World is quite like it*

And it was Gerry Wake who launched Serena's opening night by giving a Hot Dog party to a Royal Prince and such officers of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards as were not on leave, not to mention the Brighter Members of the Younger Set. In fact, the Hot Dog première was so full of those upon whom the snob gossips thrive, that from then on, Serena's cash register tinkled like a busy typewriter every midnight to dawn.

Serena soon found, however, that she had to sell a lot of hot dogs to pay off two thousand pounds of debts." . . . You must read "HOT DOG" . . . in which a dashing member of the Brigade of Guards demonstrates to Miss America that deception is sometimes the better part of valour.

"RESTLESS EXILE FOR A BOURBON DEMOCRAT" by Ferdinand Tuohy  
 "COTTAGE FOR TWO" by Mollie Panter Downes  
 "FAR-EASTERN NIGHTS-OUT" by P. Jerome Willis  
 "THE PERFECT DAY" by Francis Brett-Young  
 "EVE'S FIG LEAF" by C. Patrick Thompson  
 "OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS" by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde  
 "HOT DOG" by F. E. Verney  
 "NAPOLEON THE LITTLE" by Amy St. Loe Strachey  
 "FAMILY LIFE IS DIFFICULT" by Dorothy Black  
 "QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" by F. Matania, R.I.  
 "BIG BUSINESS" by Gordon Beckles  
 "TABLE DECORATIONS OF MODERN HOSTESSES" by Audrey Wrangham  
 "A PRACTICAL FLAT" by Pamela Murray

"A NEW FRONT-DOOR" by Peggy Freemantle  
 "HAPPY ENDING" by Achmed Abdullah  
 "OUT-OF-DOOR DAYS" by Win. Fred Lewis  
 "A SUMMER WARDROBE FOR ALL WEATHERS" by Madge Garland  
 "COATS, CAPES AND THEIR DOUBLE DUTIES" by Madge Garland  
 "OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE" by Hannen Swaffer  
 "FILM THRILLS — ANCIENT AND MODERN" by Sydney Tremayne  
 "USEFUL DESIGNS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR" by J. S. Bainbridge, M.Sc.  
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 "WOMEN'S GOLF: Conducted by Eleanor E. Helme"

THE JULY ISSUE OF

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